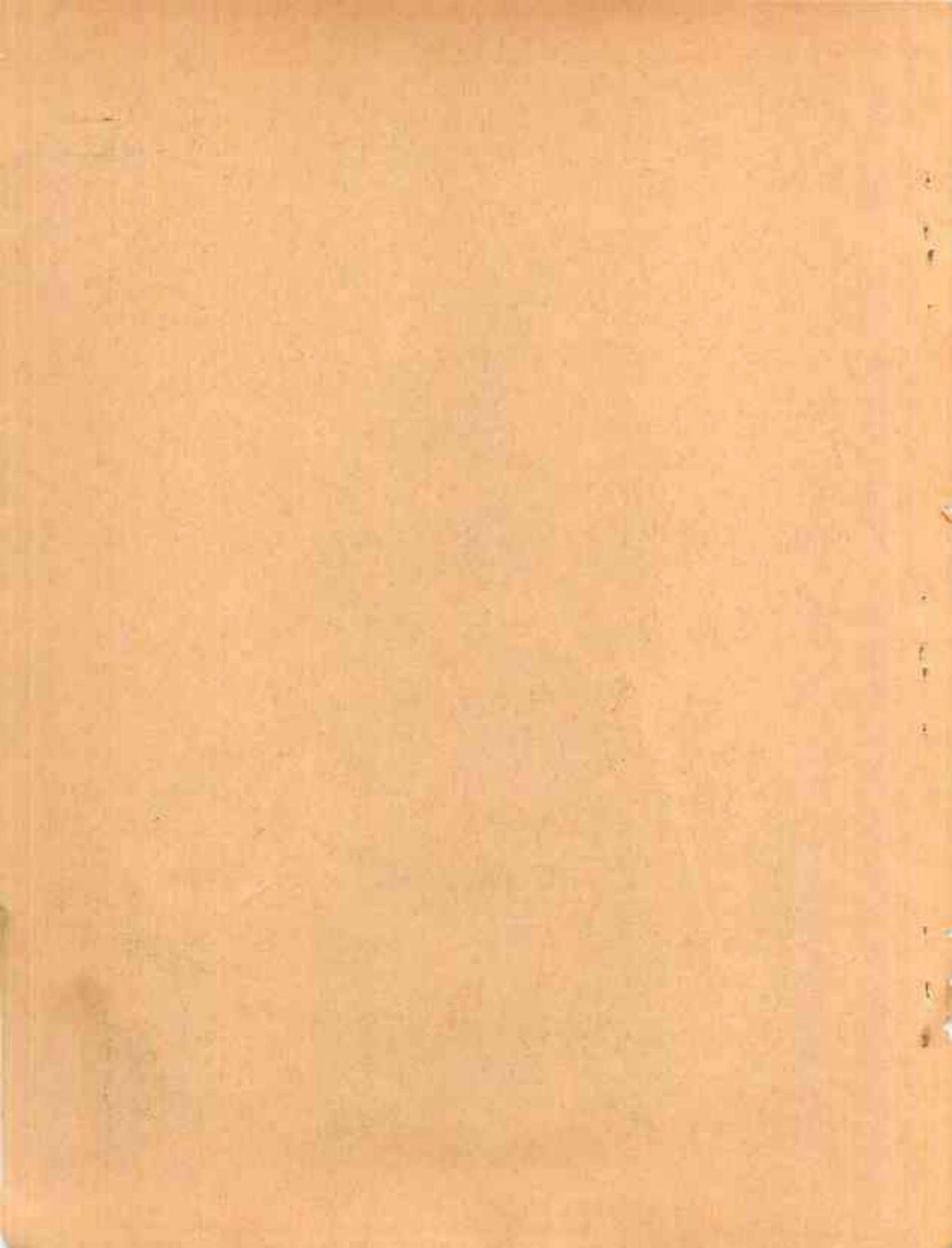


# YANPRU

184 →







# YAN DRO #184

september october '68

VOL XVI

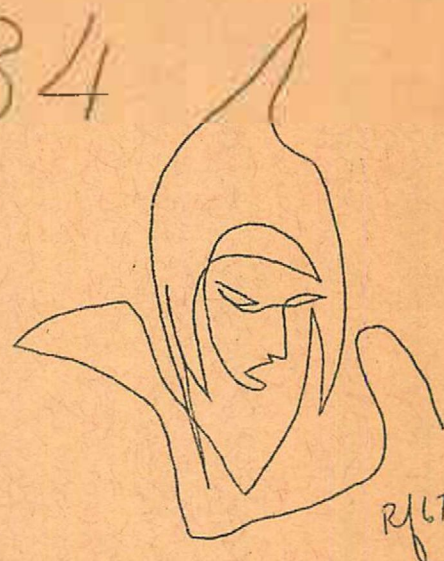
NO 7

Published irregularly by Robert & Juanita Coulson,  
Route 3, Hartford City, Ind. 47348, USA

British agent: Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road,  
Hoddesdon, Herts., Great Britain

Price, US: 40¢ per copy, 4 for \$1.50, or 12 for \$4.00

Price, UK: 3/0 per copy, 4 for 10/0, or 12 for 26/0



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Patronize our up-to-date advertising section in the rear.  
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## ARTWORK

Cover by Robert E. Gilbert

Logo for cover, page 10, page 14 & page 29 by Richard Delap

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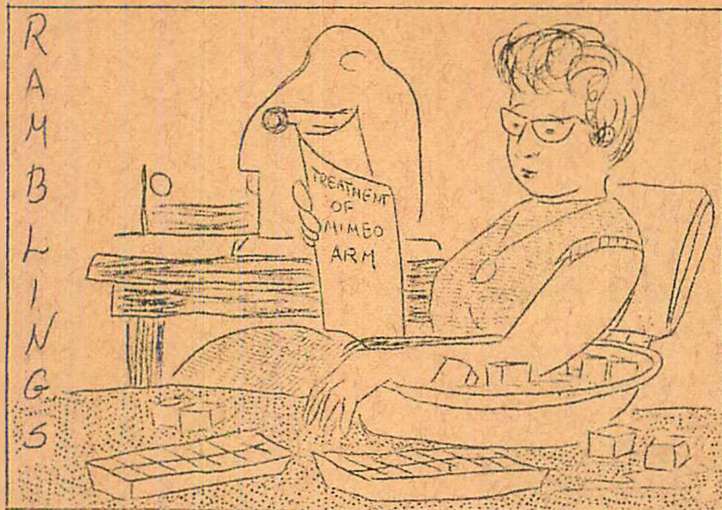
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A liberal Democrat is a man who is offended by the word "n-----" - and who calls his party's presidential candidate "hump".  
-----  
RSC

Contributors of "Star Trek" material: Don Thompson, Vera Heminger, Shirley Meech, James Dorr, Joanne Burger, Marty Helgesen, John McGeehan, Noreen Shaw, Claude Hall, Morris Dollens  
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Ad in classified section of Hartford City paper: "Small farm for sale or trade.."  
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Note to RSC correspondents; I am told by my partner in crime that "Thomas Stratton" has a contract for a series of 6 paperback sf novels, to be completed at 2-month intervals, so I may not be writing many letters in the next few months. (Gene hasn't written many letters in years, so his correspondence isn't affected.) This isn't a terribly big deal (small publisher, no advance, straight royalties), but it will be a time-consuming one (and it might pay off; who knows?)





As you will discover when you read this issue's Rumbings, hopefully there will not be too many more issues produced entirely by mimeo....that is, assuming Addressograph/Multigraph ever responds to our inquiry with an instruction book and some other details on what to do with our newest acquisition.

And, if and when we go multilith, I expect to hear complaints from out there. For example: "It just isn't the old Yandro," and "I liked it the way it was."

All I've got to say to you people is - you're sadists. Mimeoing this particular

issue has stretched over five days now. (Hopefully, it'll be finished up this evening.) And were it not for the added advantage that my mother doesn't mind helping with the collating, it would be even longer in the getting-ready-to-mail operation. Actually, I don't much mind the collating, but by the time it gets to that stage I'm so thoroughly worn out from turning the crank that the extra help is vastly appreciated. The multilith cost us far far less than the cheapest electric Gestetner available in this area (and I don't think I could go back to an ordinary drum machine after six years of silk screen mimeoing). If we can't repair the thing, perhaps we can sell it at enough profit to make the jump to electricity, one way or another.

But thanks to all you people who review ~~books~~ (DON'T DO IT!) Yandro, buy gift subs for friends and similar insanities, it has simply become too much work for a hand-crank mimeo.

Hey, Grandfather Phan, tell me again how people used to put out fanzines on hectographs.

Undoubtedly, there will be a paper change, if we go to multilith. I understand the machine will handle Twill-Tex/Twill-Tone but will lint up pretty badly. (Of course, a mimeo lints up pretty badly from the stuff, too, but it has fewer rollers to clean.) And somebody will complain: "It doesn't look the same!" Tough.

After a poor season's opener, STAR TRAIL redeemed itself in the second episode. (Of course, one has come to expect competent work from D.C. Fontana, who knows and appreciates the characters -- and the characters are the show's strongest point.) Perhaps there's hope for Freiburger after all.

Anent Sprague de Camp's poem in this issue, he includes a note: "I know the dictionary says to pronounce the last syllable of "Neanderthal" as "TAHL" in the German manner; but for reasons of versification I adopted the common US pronunciation of the syllable as THAWL." I guess whatever little influence my German ancestry might have, it has been lost, since I have no difficulty thinking of the word as ending THAWL. But then, of course, I have been known - in the process of folk/filck singing - to rhyme "God" and "log".

In the lettercol this issue Antonio Dupla mentions as an example of literature written supposedly from a woman's viewpoint but written by a man ANNA KARENINA. Sorry, but that one just lost me. Yes, I have read it, several times. (Most of my work in Russian Lit was concerned with Dostoevsky, but I've had a go-around with Tolstoy, too.) Unlike Kristin Lavransdatter, at no time did I even mentally place Anna as a female counterpart of someone I knew or could empathize with. Reading about Kristin, you occasionally want to treat her as a friend or female relative who is behaving foolishly -- shake her a bit and talk some sense. Anna, no. I could not follow her reasoning



during the novel at all. Her actions, yes. Her reasons for the actions were, I suppose, Tolstoy's ideas of how a woman thinks. If a woman reader writes and says she identified down to the fingertips with Anna, I will accept it, but I won't empathize. Even her actions are pretty far out. Levin, Tolstoy's other central character in the novel, is much more believable in that respect. When Kristin Lavransdatter does something I can envision myself in the same situation, possibly behaving the same way - and kicking myself when I realize I probably would. With Anna, I tend to ignore her behavior and try to concentrate on the overall plot and theme - because her actions are impossible for me to see myself doing, under any set of circumstances.

Also in this issue's lettercol there is a discussion...continuing...of fan versus pro. Where is the dividing line and all that? I don't really know, and don't expect to in the near future. Perhaps to some people one sale makes a pro. I don't feel in the slightest like a pro, even with three sales behind me, and I doubt I will with several more. There is a schism, though. Not all fans and not all pros divide up into nice neat categories saying never the twain... Most fans know a pro or several who are eminently approachable people, who do not feel they're slumming when they join a party that is 99% pure fans who never have and never will sell anything professionally. Just as true, I -- and I'm sure some of you out there -- know pros who consider prodom a kind of little godhood, and if they have much of anything to do with fans it is in the air of noblesse oblige and signing autographs.

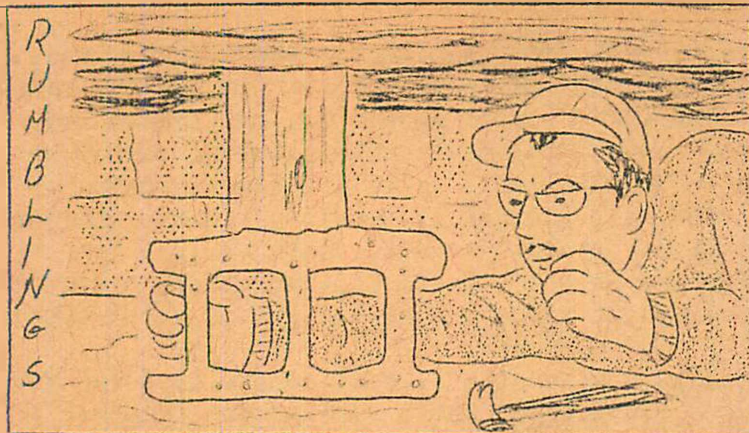
Let's be frank - there are pro parties. And fans are turned away from the doors of some such parties, sometimes with a quite frank statement that it is a pro party, and no fans need apply. I know. I've been one of the fans so turned away. Partially it's a matter of semantics. Quite conceivably, in such cases, the only people at the con that these pros know are other pros. Okay, it would be silly for them to allow in every unknown and hey-can-we-come-in type who happens along. (I wonder if a few pros wouldn't fall in the same category of persona non grata....I know a few who are down in my book of Never invite this creep to a party I'm at.) But in that case, why couldn't it simply be a "private party." That'll still be interpreted as rank snobbery by some people, but it would tend to lessen the division between fans and pros, which does indeed exist now.

I think there is currently little exclusion of pros from fan gatherings. The exclusion works the other way around - and is certainly not fandom wide, of course. But it is there. We can't pretend it doesn't exist, and my attitude is that if certain pros wish to exclude themselves, that's their business, for whatever reason. As long as they understand they'll be hurting some neos' feelings. And giving the few fans they do hobnob with a feeling of (deserved or not) superiority. I don't happen to feel this cuts me off from the human race, but I know a few fans who are hurt.

In a way, it reminds me of the young civil rights group (young in idea and time for their efforts) I belonged to in college, way back in the 50s. Sororities and Fraternities meant nothing to me; but to some of our darker hued members it was a matter of deep hurt and outraged feelings that they couldn't be pledged to and join these stupid little social strata. So those of us who wouldn't have minded the complete disappearance of all sororities and fraternities forever worked with some determination to try to see that our yearning would-be joiners at least had a chance to get in these exclusive clubs. Perhaps the same thing prevails in the pro and fan circles in fandom. Face it: there are cliques and schisms, and there are people - principally the young and impressionable - who are hurt by being excluded. We must either teach them to accept the situation or try to change the status quo, and I think your chances of the former are going to be far better than the latter.

Yours for less cliquishness...Take a Neo To Dinner Today.....JWC





At this point I'm not sure exactly how the issue will be arranged, but I would like to point out to our less observant readers that the four-page list of used paperbacks is from Howard Devore, not us. We're selling other things. This, incidentally, seems to be our advertising issue for the year.

Again, it's been a busy month for us. After having seen about one movie in the last 3 or 4 years, I saw both "2001" and "Planet of the Apes" in the past month. (Juanita saw both of them

and "Rosemary's Baby" as well, but then she sees more movies than I do.) "Planet of the Apes" is a fine movie for anyone who is impressed by the obvious. The accessories - makeup, camera work, etc. - are good enough, but there isn't much substance to the main course. There is, however, one thing in its favor; it is not quite so deadly dull as the book. "2001", on the other hand, is a tremendous achievement. I find it interesting that, 20 years ago, a relatively small independent producer took a simple story by a renowned sf author and produced a film with tremendous visual impact, an exceedingly simple story line, and science as accurate as was possible at the time. The result, of course, was "Destination Moon". Terry Carr recently said he thinks that "2001" parodies DM, but I'll believe that when Clarke says it. Instead, I see it as the lineal descendent of the earlier movie. The basics are all the same. The difference is that science-fiction in 1968 is 20 years more sophisticated, and Hollywood has an additional 20 years of technique. (If you see "Destination Moon" now, of course, it shows its age rather badly; any attempt at accurate prophetic science dates rapidly, and the characterization becomes more inane with each passing year. But for its time, it was the equivalent of "2001".) Anyway, "2001" is the visual science fiction of the year.

And I see "Star Trek"s new producer opened his new season with an absolute bomb. This is by far the worst show ST has ever produced; the science is idiotic, the plot ridiculous, unanswered loose ends dangling - and considerable violence is done to the characterization, as well. One more like that and I start a write-in campaign to get Freiberger removed as producer.

In addition to seeing movies, we acquired a new record player and a new-for-us tv. The latter was unintentional; our old one short-circuited and burned up in the repair shop. (Only to us do things like this happen.....) The repairman replaced the defunct set with our current one, which is approximately the same vintage. Our record player, however, was new (and, of course, stereo.) It does have one advantage; our house has poor acoustics, and with two speakers we can move one around the corner into another room when we need to in order to hear it. Have picked up a couple of records; another Ed McCurdy recording on the Tradition label, and "The New Composers" by Leon Bibb. I had been after a recording by Bibb of "Suzanne" ever since I heard him sing it on tv, so I was delighted when this lp appeared. At least, I was delighted until I heard it; some fumble-fingered arranger has done his best to ruin every song on it, and has succeeded remarkably well. (If you happen to see a record that says it was produced by Artie Kornfeld, don't buy it.)

Our most expensive purchase this month, however, was a used Multilith Model 1250. We don't actually have it as of this writing; it's supposed to be moved in tomorrow. (We haven't paid for it yet, either.....) I spent Sunday afternoon crawling around under the house, bracing the floor.....those things weigh 800 pounds or better. Don't expect early multilithing of YANDRO, however. The machine may need to be put in shape - it was last used a couple of years ago - and we have to locate various things like paper, masters, ink - and an instruction manual. Not to mention that I just got 10 quire of stencils from Speed-O-Print that have to be used up.... I hope to get the



machine in operation before the first of the year, but I am not guaranteeing anything. Major advantage, of course, is electric operation, in addition to the good reproduction. (We could, of course, have bought an electric Gestetner; but the one used one we priced would have cost us twice as much as the multilith did.) This eliminates two of our major production problems; hand cranking and hand counting (the counter on the Gestetner went bad some months back and is apparently unrepairable). The remaining bottleneck is collating; I may be able to build a few gadgets to ease that.

Got a notice that the Fifth Annual Octocon will be held October 19 and 20 at the Greentree Inn, 1935 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870. The motel has an indoor swimming pool, if that thrills you; personally I don't go to conventions to go swimming. (But it doesn't make any difference; I probably won't go to this one, anyway.) I also have a Proposal for a North American Science Fiction Convention (for the years when the Worldcon is held outside North America. I tell you, I feel downright sorry for all the poor fans who can't bear not having a "national" convention to go to; I get the impression they may all go out and cut their wrists if they can't see a "big" con every year; regional cons just don't seem to be the same. What a horrible shame it would be if they had to miss attending a worldcon every other year or so, like I do. Blaaa.

Is anyone out there interested in an Index of YANDRO, volumes XI through XVI? (Issues #120 thru - hopefully - 187.) Dennis Lien has made one up for the issues to date; I'll extend it for the rest of this year and for a couple issues he doesn't have. I won't send it out with YANDRO because ~~YIP/AAAA~~ a lot of our readers wouldn't have much use for a 5-year index, having just started reading the mag in the past year. Probably will have a nominal price on it; can't say for sure until I see how big the index is. Likely 25¢ or less, however. (Do not send money now; just express interest.) One item that interested me; we've had written material by 106 different people in the past 5 years, and 35 different cover artists (Dennis didn't index interior art; I may or may not, as the spirit moves me). Incidentally, in going through his YANDRO collection, Dennis discovered that he is missing issue #149. He will pay \$1.50 for a copy of that issue. (Dennis Lien, 1524 1/2 E. Santa Rita, Tucson, Arizona 85719)

Clipping from the Fort Wayne paper, datelined Melbourne, Australia. Says Aussie kindergartens have begun censoring fairy tales, with "Little Red Riding Hood" being a prime offender. No, not too much violence; too much sex. So help me! I have this feeling that I wouldn't be terribly happy in Australia..... And our new Congressman (now that Roush has been shunted over to another district) sends a newsletter which starts out "The same gang of scum that invaded Chicago to disrupt the Democrat (sic) National Convention...." Yes. And two pages more of the same. Abe Fortas has "voted in favor of the purveyors of filth" (or in other words, he's against censorship, and bully for him). I had my doubts about voting for Roudebush before I got this tripe; now I know damned well I'm not going to vote for him.

Gold Medal Books announces publication in October of two novels by John D. MacDonald; WINE OF THE DREAMERS and BALLROOM OF THE SLIES. Both old STARTLING stories, I believe. They have a two-page release on it; the novels aren't really all that good, so I assume that MacDonald is now a very Big Name Writer. (The stories weren't bad; they just weren't outstanding back in the early Fifties.)

Finally got around to reading - late, as usual - DAGEROUS VISIONS. Quite good, really; not up to the average quality of the old Ballantine Star series, but at least equal to and possibly superior to other original anthologies of today. And of course far bigger than any of the others. The foofaraw about "dangerous" and "unpublishable" is all bullshit, of course. Lester del Rey contributes a pale imitation of stuff he was selling Ray Palmer 20 years ago, Phil Farmer uses the same approach that Ted Sturgeon did in "To Here And The Easel, etc. But Harlan has made his point. He has proved, without a shadow of a doubt, that fans can be sold science fiction by the same advertising technique used to sell soap to housewives. Up until now, most sf fans felt they were too sophisticated to bother with advertising pressure; Harlan knew better. High-pressure advertising not only sells sf, it garners Nebula Awards for it, and more power to Harlan for proving that fans aren't as smart as they think they are. RSC



# THE BAYCON: HOW TO ENJOY

by

KAY  
ANDERSON

## OAKLAND / BERKELEY

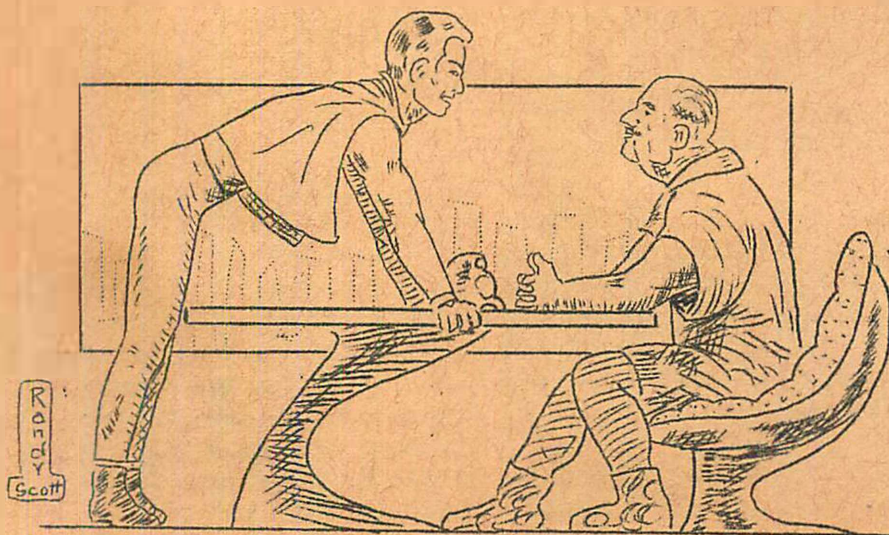
## WITHOUT REALLY WANTING TO

Many of my friends have been to see 2001, and they tell me they couldn't quite say what it means, but it is definitely an Experience. The Baycon could be described in the same terms, it seems. It was an Experience, a sort of mass happening. The hotel itself was a source of an endless number of delights and discoveries. The Claremont is situated on a hill in what I believe is Berkeley somewhere about, and Berkeley and Oakland seem to be very separatist-minded. We tried to cash a check and were told in tones of fearful awe that it was written on an Oakland branch, and we were at a Berkeley branch....the implication being that Oakland was at least 120 miles away and the two branches communicated only once annually, on the birthday of the founder. Discouraged, we drove six blocks down the street and pulled into a service station to ask directions to Oakland. When the attendant recovered from a laughing seizure he told us we were right then at that very moment in fabled Oakland. I must have missed seeing the barbed wire barrier separating the two cities. The Claremont looms out of the fog by day, and is lit by spotlights by night. I imagine that its placement on a hill was all that saved many con members from never finding their way back to it at all, since mysterious Berkeley/Oakland has not one single intersection at which the streets meet at a 90-degree angle, as far as I know, and I think I wandered all over that end of the city, at one time or another.

Externally, the Claremont seems to have atmosphere and charm. It looks like a gingerbread white combination of a cake decoration and a demicastle of the Village in THE PRISONER series. Inside, the charm quickly dissipates and the atmosphere thickens.

One of the first discoveries con attendees made is that the Claremont, the "perfect convention hotel" is far from adequately air conditioned. Thursday the Bay Area was having one of those hot spells it never has, and the rooms were unbearable.

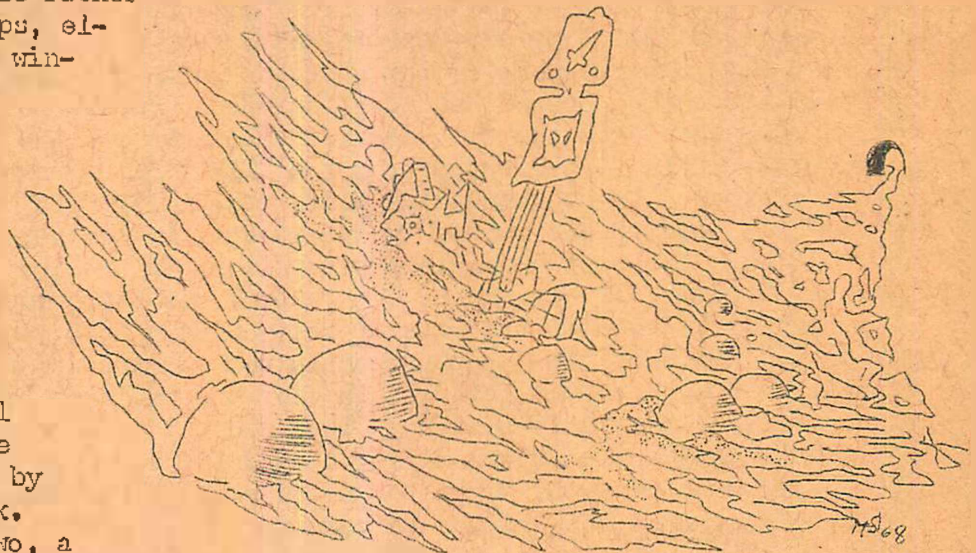
On the subsequent days of the convention the weather was back to its foggy self, probably since everyone had followed the plea of the Patriarch in the invocation, to pray for fog, rain, and air conditioning. After Thursday one usually became bug-eyed from anoxia only in the midst of any event on the program held inside and attended by more than six people. Besides



6  
Scott



ventilation, the hotel is rather short on: maids, bellhops, elevators, food, service, window screens, acoustics, and civility. One got the impression that however much warning they had had that a science fiction convention was going to be held there over Labor Day, the manager and staff had not believed a word of it till Thursday afternoon. The elevators were inspired by Edgar Allen Poe, I think. There were presumably two, a freight elevator and a passenger



elevator. I never saw the freight jobbie at all, and it may very well be mythical, consisting only of false doors in front of a brick wall. The passenger one came around often enough to keep belief alive. During the day it was under the command of a dragonness who loudly resented having her elevator "invaded" by would-be riders. At night it was on self-service and gave courses in desperation and hysteria. Once inside it you were captive as it grimly answered summonses in exactly the order it received them. It made no difference to it if you punched the lobby button when you got in...first it had to go to the second floor, the pool level, the fourth floor, the mezzanine, the second floor again, the pool again. The only escape was to bolt for the door whenever it stopped at a floor and walk to your destination, usually by that time more flights of stairs away than when you started. Interestingly enough it was six flights of stairs from the lobby to the fourth floor. The insertion of the mezzanine into the works accounts for one extra flight of stairs, but I don't know where the other one came from. It probably took us into the Twilight Zone.

Food was a bit difficult to come by. There was a Prime Rib Room, serving only that, at \$4.50 each or thereabouts. It was open between 6:30 and 6:45 every evening, or so it seemed. We never seemed to find it open. There was a bar, which sufficed for nourishment for many people. There was a fountain, which was overcrowded and understaffed and seemed to be heated rather than, foolish thought, air conditioned. One had to wait a minimum of half an hour before a waitress would notice you. Cries of "In the name of mercy!" were frequent. In the great con report tradition, I can tell my avid readers exactly what I had to eat at every meal I ate in the hotel; a turkey sandwich and a Coke. Having found something non-poisonous and filling I wasn't about to experiment.

Through one unfortunate circumstance or another I missed parts of many events, and all of some. I attended the Costume Ball, which was very poorly organized. Despite the insistence of the judges that each entrant had to fill out a form telling what his costume was, the master of ceremonies did not call out what the contestants' costumes represented as they crossed the stage. There were some beautiful, intricate, and elaborate costumes there, and I only wish I knew what they were all about. A further piece of poor planning was having a psychedelic light show, complete with acid rock music, in the midst of the Costume Ball. Since the ballroom was thicker with pillars than my garden is thick with weeds, few people could see the light show, and for the rest there was only the annoyance of the darkness and terribly loud music. All conversation and viewing of costumes was impossible. Better if they had put the light show in another room or on another night and let the costumes the people had worked on so much be seen for a while.

Three STAR TREK episodes and the filmstrip of "bloopers" were shown Friday



night. The episodes were "Balance of Terror", "Where No Man Has Gone Before", and "City on the Edge of Forever"; all were cut versions, two had commercials inserted in them. It appeared that they had been borrowed from a tv station...perhaps Paramount did not have any 16mm versions of the shows on hand, which I heard was the reason no episode from the coming season had been included. "Where No Man..." has been shown many times now, what with the two televised showings and the times it has been seen at cons, and since it is so different from the STAR TREK we have now, I think most people would have preferred to see something else, especially "The Man Trap" which many fans missed the only time it was shown, two years ago, in the series. "City", which deservedly won the Hugo for best dramatic presentation, is probably the best drama, if not the best science fiction, ST has had to date, and I was happy to see it again.

The meeting to vote on the site of the worldcon next year was an interesting study in contrasts. I'm sure the Columbus people worked hard and diligently on their bid, but the impression they gave was that bidding for the worldcon had first occurred to them at about four o'clock that very morning. They did not even know the rates for rooms at the hotel of their choice without rummaging around for a brochure and looking them up. Besides, it took some nerve to suggest a hotel roughly the size of the Claremont to a group of people, many of whom were having to commute to the Baycon from other hotels since the Claremont was too small. The St. Louis people gave short succinct speeches and could answer any question on rates, cab fares from the airport, and seating capacity of their hotel's facilities, without hesitation or looking things up. Columbus suggested that the worldcon could not fill a hotel the size of St. Louis' choice, the Chase-Park Plaza, and that the con would probably have to share the facilities with a boiler-makers' convention. At that point I wouldn't have minded having boiler-making workshops next door every night, if I could only get something to eat when I was hungry. I gladly voted for St. Louis, which won the Worldcon. In other business, it was voted that the Westercon be held in Los Angeles next year.

The line for the Hugo Awards banquet stretched through the lobby and out onto the parking lot, and after experience with the Claremont's food, we decided to eat supper at a coffee shop in incomparable Oakland and return in time to watch the awards being given. We returned at about the time we expected the banquet attendees would be finished eating, but for some reason it was over an hour later when the awards program began. No extra chairs were available for use by people who had not attended the banquet but wanted to attend the awards. We finally went up to the mezzanine and brought some chairs left over from a wedding reception that was being held in a lounge down the hall to the small balcony of the mezzanine. About two dozen people could fit onto the balcony, of which maybe eight could see what was going on. No one could hear. The acoustics of the hall, and the condition of the public address system, were such that the speeches were only a mumble. Philip Jose Farmer got up and spoke so long that we began to wish someone would throw a salad at him or gouge out a pipeful of hot tobacco into his back pocket. I have no idea what he spoke on, but he covered it rather thoroughly, whatever it was. There were other speeches, equally unintelligible from where we sat, but shorter. The Hugos were presented with a sort of confusion reminiscent of last summer's Emmy Awards. The winners, in their respective categories, were LORD OF LIGHT, "Weyr Search/Riders of the Purple Wage"(tie), "Gonna Roll Them Bones," "I Have No Mouth..", "City on the Edge of Forever", If, Jack Gaughan, Amra, Ted White, and George Barr.

There were various parties during the convention that I attended and enjoyed. Since I can't remember who my host or hostess was, in several cases, I won't list anyone. I met some marvelous new people at the con, and a few equally memorable drips; and renewed some already established friendships. Baycon was a strange Happening, but I enjoyed it, my first convention.

-----  
NEW ADDRESSES

Bill Conner, 1711 Providence Ave, Springfield, Ohio  
Peter Singleton, Block 4, Broadmoor Hospital, Crowthorne, Berkshire, Great Britain  
Jim & Lee Lavell, 5647 Culver St., Indianapolis, Ind. 46226  
Dennis Lien, 1524 1/2 No. Santa Rita, Tucson, Arizona  
Leif Andersson, Eigenmann Ctr, Room 484, Bloomington, Ind. 47401  
Linda Eyster, Apt 103, 4921 Forbes Ave, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213



# The Ogre

You're thick in the body and short in the limb  
And not over five feet tall.  
Your hide it is hairy, your looks they are grim;  
Your forehead is low and your intellect dim;  
You peer out from under a beetling brim,  
O man of Neanderthal!

And therefore the people who nowadays write -  
When you are not present to maul -  
Assign you the role of a villainous wight,  
A bloodthirsty ogre who fills us with fright,  
A cannibal, goblin, or troll of the night,  
Poor man of Neanderthal!

To those who have studied the primitive life  
That's not how the case was at all.  
You cheerfully shared out your meat and your wife;  
You guarded your children when danger was rife;  
And with your own species you kept out of strife,  
Good man of Neanderthal!

So let me at last in the name of my kind  
Apologize once and for all.  
You weren't a great beauty, of manners refined;  
But if we could know you, a man we should find  
Like us, with his virtues and faults intertwined,  
O man of Neanderthal!

L. SPRAGUE DE CAMP



# GOLDEN ANNOTES

THE MAKING OF STAR TREK, by Stephen E. Whitfield and Gene Roddenberry (Ballantine, 95¢) This has to be the book of the month for stf fans, not only because it's about "Star Trek" but for the insight into the tv industry in general. The text is well-written, with considerable humor in the form of anecdotes (the green makeup that didn't show up on the developed film because the lab tech in charge of developing the film thought it was an error and adjusted the developing process to take care of it) and reprinted interoffice memos ("If I don't get those preliminary set sketches for 'Ludd's Women', the Great Bird of the Galaxy is going to do something nasty on you.") For the

fans, there are 64 pages of photos and another 13 (unless I missed some) of drawings and diagrams, mostly of the "Enterprise". This is the book on "Star Trek", and the only detailed view of tv production that I know of, outside the specialist magazines (or maybe inside them; you can get a lot of details in a 400-page book.) There are occasional errors. "Until the advent of STAR TREK, the viewing audience had never been confronted with a series "regular" in the form of an alien." (Mr. Whitfield obviously never watched MY FAVORITE MARTIAN.) In Roddenberry's "justification" for Spock's characteristics, he mentions heavy gravity as responsible for the strength, and a thin atmosphere as responsible for the ears. I will not call a planet with heavy gravity and thin atmosphere flatly impossible, but I refuse to believe in it until someone shows me one. I notice one item somewhat glossed over; in George Takei's biography, it is mentioned that he lived in Los Angeles until World War II, "when his family moved to Arkansas". Well, that's one way of putting it, I guess. (Read America's Concentration Camps - reviewed here some months back - for a more literal description. (In the same biography, there is a note that after "Naked Time" the crew threatened to quit en masse if anyone ever gave Takei a sword to play with on set again. Having seen him bouncing around on set between "takes", I can readily see why.) The book is highly recommended. In fact, after Juanita received one from the publisher (either through SFWA or for review, or both), we went out and bought ourselves a second copy. I wouldn't mind having it in hardcover.

ANGER PLANET, by "Brett Sterling" (Popular Library, 60¢) This was originally "Red Sun of Danger" from a 1945 STARTLING. The Day Index lists Edmond Hamilton as the author of this particular Future tale; if so, he wasn't trying very hard. Why Popular Library should choose to initiate their reprinting of the famed "Captain Future" series with this selection from well past the midpoint of the series is beyond me. It's pure pulp; lots of action, no attempt whatsoever to provide a coherent background, and dialogue that is painful in spots. Of course, I never did care much for the series.

THE SINGING STONES, by Juanita Coulson/DEKAI, by E. C. Tubb (Ace, 60¢) The Tubb half is a sequel to his Winds of Gath - a fact which I didn't recall until I was halfway through it, Dumarest being among the least memorable of modern stf heroes. It's a much better book than its predecessor, and is the sort of thing that was staple fare in PLANET STORIES in its prime. Juanita's book this time is pretty much sword-and-sorcery, or as near to it as makes no difference. Juanita wasn't terribly taken by it because it doesn't have any science in it, but I enjoyed it (and I hadn't read it before publication, either). If Juanita's first book showed an Andre Norton influence, this one is closer to Marion Bradley (without the babies....)

NOW THEN!, by John Brunner (Avon, 60¢) Three novellets. "Some Lapse of Time", from SCIENCE FANTASY, is probably the best; it revolves around a "mystery man" and the question of whether he is or is not a time traveler from an unpleasant future. Some interesting medical science provides the evidence. "Imprint of Chaos" is pure fantasy, a sort of blend of Mike Moorcock and Jack Vance. Also from SCIENCE FANTASY. In his introduction, John says that "Thou Good and Faithful" was his first sale to a stf mag --



and it was to ASTOUNDING! It wasn't one of ASTOUNDING's best stories, but it's good, average stf. I'm happy with the book even though I had previously read all the stories; the British ones will be new to most fans, and an added incentive for purchase.

THE TIME MACHINE and THE WAR OF THE WORLDS, by H. G. Wells (Fawcett, 75¢) Publishers seem to enjoy packaging these two short novels together. I have the same thing in a Doubleday Dolphin edition (which as I recall I got as a special bonus for joining the S F Book Club). The Fawcett book is 20¢ cheaper and includes an introductory article on Wells by Isaac Asimov, so it's obviously the better bargain of the two. The two novels are, of course, something that every fan should have read; they are not only classics because they influenced so many later writers, or because they are the original descriptions of time travel and alien invasion, but because even by today's standards they are exceptionally well written.

A GILT FROM EARTH, by Larry Niven (Ballantine, 75¢) Niven drops his emphasis on physical science here to do a sociological novel reminiscent of Fred Pohl's better efforts. It seems a little like cheating to have the Noble Rebels win by means of supernormal powers, but at least he doesn't overuse the powers, and Jesus Pietro Castro is one of the more intelligent authoritarian figures in science fiction, which helps to equalize the struggle. The only thing I regret about the book is its bow to conformity; a trend shared with much modern stf. A sex scene or two is now de rigueur in "adult" fiction, so science fiction must have them, too, whether they are particularly appropriate to the plot or not. Niven tosses his in with even less finesse than Ted White shows at his worst, and gives the impression that the scenes were impurgated - at the request of the publisher? - rather than an integral part of the novel.

PSI HIGH AND OTHERS, by Alan E. Nourse (Ace, 50¢) Three novelets, rather vaguely connected. The best one, "The Martyr" covers the advantages - and dangers - of physical immortality. The title story is a pretty standard one of poor espers being persecuted by a reactionary faction in government; believable enough, but not very new. "Mirror, Mirror" is another alien-contact story, slightly duller than most. The book is nothing to get excited about.

SNOW WHITE AND THE GIANTS, by J. T. McIntosh (Avon, 60¢) McIntosh has here taken Kuttner's old story, "Vintage Season", and reworked it. (Turning old short stories into novels is a popular pastime with stf writers recently.) Give him credit; he's provided a different and as far as I recall original rationale for his time-travelers. His major flaw comes in his depiction of female characters; he seems to think that women's only purpose is, first, ornamentation, and second, male gratification. (I'm sure a fair share of PLAYBOY readers agree with him, but then you know what a PLAYBOY reader is - a man who doesn't know what pair of socks to put on until he's told by the magazine's advice column.) Also, since McIntosh is British, his hero is having marital difficulties. (I am continuing to wonder why British authors seem to feel that the one indispensable method of getting readers to identify with the characters is to provide difficult marital situations. Or is it just a cheap way to provide the characters with emotion?) The writing is slick, and if you can force yourself to care a faint damn what happens to any of the characters you'll enjoy the book. I didn't.

THE TWO-TIMERS, by Bob Shaw (Ace, 60¢) Another sour marriage; the British syndrome evidently includes Northern Ireland. Shaw uses his marriage as the central point of the novel, which seems to be the coming thing. GALAXY used to headline "You'll never see it in GALAXY" - referring to a "science fiction" story that is merely a transplanted western. Times have changed; transplants from TRUE CONFESSIONS now get feature treatment from stf publishers. (To be fair, the writing is a little better than in the average TRUE CONFESSIONS story - but not a whole hell of a lot. And the plotting isn't any better at all.) A good one to skip.

SORCERESS OF THE WITCH WORLD, by Andre Norton (Ace, 60¢) This is the final in the "Witch World" series - and, I might add, about time. The first book in the series was great, the second good, and the remainder mediocre. It has good points, and it kept



me moderately interested to the end, but I'll be happy to see Norton doing something different now.

STRANGE BEASTS AND UNNATURAL MONSTERS, ed. by Philip Van Doren Stern (Fawcett, 60¢) Stern is a long way from putting out the quality fantasy anthology that he did in The Moonlight Traveler, but this has some fair items in it. Inexplicably, he has included the truncated version of Leinster's "Doomsday Deferred" which appeared in the SATURDAY EVENING POST anthology, rather than the complete and far superior story which actually appeared in the magazine. This version is merely idiotic; the original was excellent. Daphne du Maurier's "The Birds" is included, so you can compare it with the film. (The story is better.) "The Kill", by Peter Fleming, is one of the better stories in the werewolf genre. "Aepyornis Island", by H. C. Wells, is a funny and still quite readable "monster" story. Fairly standard monsters appear in "Slime", by Joseph Payne Brennan (this one a bit better than average), "The Garden of Paris", by Eric Williams, "Cocoon", by John Goodwin, and "The Terror of Blue John Gap" by Conan Doyle. "The Nature of the Evidence", by May Sinclair, is a supernatural love story; interesting as a rarity. Bram Stoker's "The Judge's House" is a typical and unsuccessful horror story, and E. F. Benson's "Mrs. Anworth" is fairly typical vampirism. "Skeleton", by Ray Bradbury, is original but totally unbelievable, and "The Elephant Man", by Sir Frederick Treves, is hardly a story at all and certainly not a horror story.

THE BEST FROM FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION: 14th Series, ed. by Avram Davidson (Ace, 75¢) Seventeen stories, of which the only one I remembered at all without rereading was "A Rose For Ecclesiastes" by Zelazny. The others are "Sacheverell" by Davidson, "Trade-In" by Jack Sharkey, "The Illuminated Man" by J. G. Ballard (well, I did recall that one, too, though not favorably), "A Bulletin From The Trustees" by Wilma Shore, "Automatic Tiger" by Kit Reed, "The Court of Tartary" by T.P. Caravan, "Touchstone" by Terry Carr, "Thaw And Serve" by Allen Kim Lang, "Mada" by Thomas Disch, "Into The Shop" by Ron Goulart, "Olsen And The Gull" by Eric St. Clair, "Dark Conception" by Louis Adams, "The Compleat Consummators" by Alan E. Mourse, "The House By The Crab Apple Tree" by S. S. Johnson, "The Girl With The Hundred Proof Eyes" by Ron Webb, and "Tred One" by James Ransom. "Dark Conception" and "The House By The Crab Apple Tree" are reasonably good stories that I happened to forget; the remainder are the sort of slick, gimmicky, forgettable stories that Davidson used to fill ECSE with. Don't bother with this one unless you're desperate.

INVADERS FROM EARTH, by Bob Silverberg (Avon, 60¢) Ten years ago, this was half of an Ace Double. It's a reasonably exciting, competently written story of the Evil Syndicate Exploiting The Natives. Nothing memorable, but a good time-waster. Avon has provided a better cover for it than Ace did.

MASTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, by Bob Silverberg (Avon, 60¢) Another Ace reprint. This one deals with the overpopulation problem (or perhaps I should say is based on the problem; it doesn't exactly deal with it). Standard government-machination stf. I've read worse, and I've read a hell of a lot better.

THE HUNT FOR THE METEOR, by Jules Verne (Ace, 60¢) I can't get over the Podwil covers for Ace's Verne series; they're so good, and he's done such a lousy job on all his other work for Ace. This is not one of Verne's best books, to put it mildly. The meteor being searched for is more or less solid gold (need I say more?) Plot and dialogue are worse than usual for Verne. (But I suppose you won't want to break the set by passing up this one; I didn't.)

MYSTERIOUS FIRES AND LIGHTS, by Vincent H. Gaddis (Dell, 75¢) Since Gaddis wrote the only entertaining book in Ace's supernatural series (Invisible Horizons), I took a chance on buying this one. In general, I wasn't disappointed. This book covers everything related to the title; from the World War II "foo fighters" and ball lightning through various "mystery lights" to fire-walking and "spontaneous combustion" of both buildings and people. Occasionally he spends too much time hammering home a point, but in general this is an entertainingly written and thought-provoking book. Also recommended as research material for stf and particularly fantasy writers.



PROGENY OF THE ADDER, by Leslie A. Whitten (Ace, 60¢) This one is a sleeper; I almost passed it up because I looked at the cover and thought it was one of Ace's innumerable "gothic romances". It isn't, though you'll probably find it in that section in your newsstands. It is in fact a story about a police detective trying to solve a series of murders, originally assuming that they have been committed by a pervert. Eventually he realizes (the reader will have realized long before) that the murderer is either a vampire or a maniac who believes himself to be a vampire. (Which is it? Read the book; as I see it the reader is quite free to interpret the evidence in his own way.) The book is largely concerned with police work, which seems genuine; I'm no expert on police work. The vampire lore has certainly been well-researched. The writing is excellent. All the characters, even the minor ones, are well-sketched and interesting. The suspense builds, naturally and firmly, to a big chase-scene climax. It's the best fiction I've read this month, and as a beginning author, the writing makes me envious as all hell.

THE MOON MEN, by Edgar Rice Burroughs (Ace, 50¢) Ace has reprinted this sequel to The Moon Maid (reprinted last month). The two books comprise one of Burroughs' best stories (one of his few readable stories, in fact) but I should imagine most fans already have them.

BRED TO KILL, by Lee Hoffman (Ballantine, 50¢) One of Lee's better westerns. The hero seems more typical of the period than most fictional cowboys; uneducated, not too bright, and bewildered by conflicting demands of law and loyalty. It's fairly easy to depict someone like that, but depicting him and making him sympathetic is something else again. Lee manages it. I prefer my heroes to be reasonably intelligent, which is why I bitch at stf where the hero fails to use what brains he is supposed to have. But I could feel sympathy for Clint Meldrin (partly, I suppose, because he was using what brains he had; he just didn't have too many). Anyway, I enjoyed it.

BLUEBEARD'S DAUGHTER, by Marion Zimmer Bradley (Lancer, 60¢) I picked this up in an Oklahoma drugstore, which, like most Oklahoma drugstores wherever we stopped, seemed overloaded with Lancer books. (If you can't find them locally, it's because they ship them all to the southwest.) This one is a pretty standard "gothic romance", with nothing really going for it except that Marion is actually a pretty good writer, which in this case fail to overcome the handicaps built in to the genre. You know in advance that there is going to be something wrong with Sybil's courtly, older husband, and of course there is. And of course the mysterious young stranger turns out to be quite charming and lovable once you get to know him. Pure cardboard, all of it.

1848: THE REVOLUTION OF THE INTELLECTUALS, by Lewis Mumford (Doubleday Anchor, 95¢) If you're looking for a concise, stimulating history of the great social upheaval of 1848, this isn't it. It was originally the British Academy's Raleigh Lecture on History for 1944 (a fact I learned from reading the fine print after I bought it), and it is very dry, in addition to assuming more European historical knowledge than I have. But I did learn a few things from it.

THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN, by Mary Austin (Doubleday Anchor, 95¢) Listed as Natural History, but since it was originally published in 1903 it is more historical than natural by now. Accounts of life in the desert country on the east side of the Sierras. I bought it because we'd gone through some of the area (as rapidly as possible - it's more pleasant to read about than to visit), and I got my money's worth out of it. Recommended to people who are bugs about natural history and/or deserts.

WRITE ME IN!, by Dick Gregory (Bantam, 95¢) I like Gregory more as a comic than as a politician. Like all idealists, he seems convinced that his ideas are the only truth; I'll go along with him most of the way, but not completely. But it's interesting.

COOKBOOK FOR BEGINNERS, by Dorothy Malone (Ace, 75¢) Juanita calls these  
COOKING BY THE CLOCK, by Jean and Clarke Lattimore (Ace, 75¢) books "mediocre" (I  
EGGS I HAVE KNOWN, by Corinne Griffith (Ace, 75¢) wouldn't know, myself.)  
I guess if you're desperate for a cheap cookbook, they'll serve the purpose.



# GRUMBLINGS...

Bob Briney, 233 Lafayette St., Apt. #2, Salem, Mass. 01970

I could never understand why fans (and other reviewers) insisted on drawing comparisons between PLANET OF THE APES and 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY -- other than the obvious reason that they both carry the label "science fiction". PLANET was certainly never meant to be taken seriously, even as satire (it is even worse than the book in that respect, besides being full of glaring inconsistencies); most of it was played strictly for laughs--all those cute monkey-people faces, wrinkling their muzzles at each other.. On the other hand, the serious purpose behind 2001 is never in doubt. (I mean it is never in doubt that there is a serious purpose behind it.) I've seen 2001 three times so far, and fully intend to see it at least once more. Parts of it grow richer with each viewing, and other parts get more boring; but it is more worth my \$3 than most of the new films...

Other films you definitely should see, if the chance arises: ROSEMARY'S BABY (very faithful to the book, and much better) Mia Farrow's performance is very impressive) and THE SWIMMER.

You have probably got many reports on the Baycon. It was a very strange convention, but very enjoyable. Most of the enjoyable parts (for me) are ones about which there is bound to be controversy. The rock bands and light show I enjoyed, but nearly everyone I talked to agreed that they shouldn't have been included in the masquerade, but scheduled for another time and/or place. The medieval tournament was impressive, but slow-moving, and what on earth does it have to do with sf? Same for the medieval fashion show (which crowded the Galaxy of Fashion show out of the program).

The banquet was interminable. It started auspiciously with trouble over the loudspeaker system (which no one had the sense to test ahead of time...); the serving staff was underpopulated, and the dining hall overpopulated (close to 750 people), so that the food, although good, was cold by the time it got to most of the tables; some of the awards and acceptance speeches were overlong (Walt Daugherty took half an hour to say absolutely nothing); Phil Farmer's God speech was probably significant and important, but it was poorly organized, poorly delivered, and soporific (I dozed through most of it; Nancy Kemp woke me up just in time to prevent me from toppling out of my chair...). Both Silverberg and Ellison did an excellent job with the general toastmastering and the Hugo presentations.

The auction grossed the astonishing total of \$5550. (A large part of the auction material had been offered to the NYcon last year, but refused...)

New rules passed at the business meeting include a raise in con dues, and a stipulation that from now on, voting on next year's





convention site will be restricted to those people who have paid in advance a de posit on the following year's membership. Some other matters were raised, but did not get voted on: that convention cities should be chosen two years in advance, rather than one year; and that in those years when the world convention goes outside North America, there should be a "National SF Convention" held in the U.S. (or Canada). Up to now, the Westercon has been the de facto National Convention in those years, but this proposal would have the Nat. Con rotate in keeping with the rotation place.

Enjoyed Maggie Thompson's article about Alexander's Welsh series in Y183. So far I haven't sampled the books, but I am now convinced that I should. I am interested in fiction related to the Mabinogion, anyway. Sometime I may write an article about some adult books in this vein---THE BOOK OF THE THREE DRAGONS and THE VIRGIN AND THE SWINE, among others. (Will have to wait at least until my books get here from Indiana and get unpacked...)

Also appreciated the Thompsons' recommendation of the McAuliffe books in an earlier issue. I had passed them up before, but have now read them both with much enjoyment.

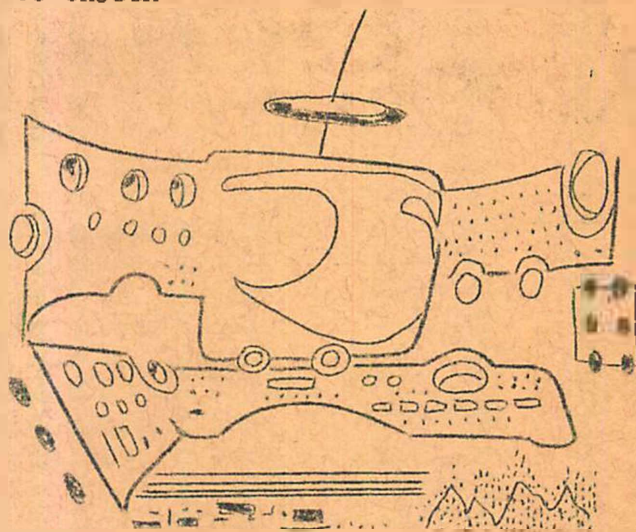
At the Baycon, Frank Dietz was selling some very attractive 3-D postal cards of space scenes (like the Bhutan stamps, only bigger and better). I don't know where else the cards are available (they are printed by John Rain Associates Inc., New York), but they are worth tracking down. Frank had four different cards for sale; there may be more in the series.

Juanita got to see ROSEMARY'S BABY and enjoyed it, but I was trying to get a manuscript completed. ASC I believe the movie rather bothered the mundane local audience here; there was much giggling and exclamation over the profanity (from people who were using the same language themselves to comment on the movie), and then a growing quietness and nervousness as the film's climax was reached. I think many of the mundanes were quite upset by the resolution, this area being rather Bible belty, despite some attempts to pretend otherwise. JWC/

Irv Jacobs, P.O. Box 574, National City, California, 92050

About 5 years ago I picked up an album in a supermarket on the PRI label. (This was a company, long since defunct, called Precision Radiation Instruments, Inc.). The album sold for 99¢, was made of clear transparent yellow material, nicely recorded original material by a big Hollywood studio orchestra led by Dave Pell, and would play either monaural or stereo. PRI used a process called "compatible stereo" which the technicians at Columbia, RCA, etc., have always frowned upon. Of course, the real trouble with "compatible stereo" is that it is much too simple: no one had to buy a stereo phonograph or convert his mono phonograph, in order to play the record. It (the compatible disc) played beautifully on even the oldest monaural phonograph. Similarly, on a stereo phonograph, it gave beautiful stereo separation. To repeat: the idea was much too simple to ever catch on.

So far as I am able to determine, all American companies are marketing a purely stereo type of record, i.e., designed to be played with a stylus no bigger than .075 of a mil. However, if you happen to have bought a monaural phonograph in the past





3 or 4 years, the pickup is likely to be extremely light weight, with good compliance, so, even though it is a monaural stylus, it will "give" when it plays a stereo record. (The older monaural stylus would simply chew up the grooves, since it weighed more.) I suspect also, that the newer monaural phonographs are simply putting a .075 mil stylus in their pickup. Naturally, your older monaural records (designed to be played with a one mil stylus) can be played on these newer monaural phonographs, along with the stereo records. (But not always! See later comment.)

Going back for a moment to "compatible stereo" records, I would mention a bit of amusing irony. France is probably the only nation in Europe whose citizens have REFUSED to buy stereo phonographs. Stereo has made its slowest progress in France. So finally, in desperation, the French branches of the same American record companies that refused to market a "compatible stereo" record, are now doing exactly that in France! The French record buyer now finds that most of the records being issued are in a new process called "G.U.". This is short for Gravure Universelle, which is none other than our old friend the "compatible stereo" record. So the stubborn Frenchman will not have to buy any new equipment at all. While the more adventurous Frenchman who does buy stereo equipment will also be buying the same "G.U." record.

To convert your old phonograph is simply to buy a cartridge with a .075 mil stylus, and to make sure your arm is light enough. If you do this, you should find that the new stereo records will play OK "monaurally", but you will also note, if your ear is good enough, that your older monaural records will not sound as good as before. The reason is that the older monaural record was designed to be played with a one mil stylus. The stereo .075 stylus is obviously not filling up the entire groove, and you may note a certain thinness in the reproduction.

My solution is as follows: Keep your old phonograph for your monaural records. Save your money and buy a good stereo phonograph to be used exclusively with your stereo records. The record distributors have been dumping their monaural inventories in the stores at ridiculous prices, so I now have more monaural records than ever before. I play them with brilliant results on my fine old monaural rig. I also have a stereo phonograph for stereo records.

If you have a good ear, and want optimum results from your records, there is just no substitute for have two phonographs. I have been told that my idea is a lot of nonsense, and that one good stereo phonograph is all that one needs. But as a collector for 25 years (78-45-33-monaural-stereo-tape), I only can judge by much personal experience. When I first went to stereo, I found that many of my older monaural discs did not track properly. The stereo stylus would frequently jump the monaural grooves. Theoretically, there is no reason why a .075 mil stylus won't track a one mil groove, but in actual fact, I frequently ran into trouble. Shortly thereafter I brought my old monaural rig back from the garage, and it has been used ever since for my monaural records.

Finally, I have just finished taping 2,500 old 78 rpm jazz records. Believe me, this is a great system. On an 1800 foot reel of one mil, mylar tape, at 3-3/4 ips, using a good 4-track machine, I put 15 two-sided records on each of the 4 tracks, or a total of 60 records to a reel. It is of course necessary to list the contents as you go along. This sounds self-evident, except that I know several tape collectors who can never find a damn thing, since they don't bother to list contents as they go along! So now I have my old Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, Bix Beiderbecke, and Duke Ellingtons, etc., etc., on tape, and I can really enjoy them without worrying about breakage from stacking brittle old records on a changer. The taping is a huge task, but it only has to be done once, and I hope to have years of enjoyment from the old 78s, many of which I had not listened to for years.

This letter is far longer than I intended, but the monaural-stereo hassle is a pet peeve of mine. I frankly never gave a damn for stereo in the first place. The companies practically forced me to go to stereo, because recording sessions were being made specifically for stereo separation, and when I bought the monaural version, it was quite poor reproduction. Later on, I would hear the same record in stereo, and feel cheated.

If you are really stubborn, I can tell you that the U.S.A. is so far the only country to eliminate monaural records. Most American releases are still being pressed monaurally in Britain, along with stereo versions. Monaural records cost about \$5.00 each, when



imported from there.

/A coworker who belongs to the Columbia and Capital record clubs wasn't aware that monaural records had been discontinued. The clubs still offer both kinds (same price, of course). However, my problem couldn't be solved by converting my old phonograph, because my old phonograph had problems. Since I had to have a new machine, and since new records and the good new machines are all stereo, I bought stereo. Taping is great, agreed; I've been meaning to tape all my 78 rpm records ever since I got my first tape recorder 10 years ago. Realsoonnow. RSC/

Bob Tucker, Box 506, Heyworth, Illinois, 61745

This may come as a depressing shock, but Juanita will never be another Marlan or a Ted White. In her editorial, she discusses her publisher, the serial number of the volume, the covers and the foreigner sharing the book with her, but she never mentions the title. What do you suppose my favorite book seller will say when I rush in crying, "Quick, quick, I want A-77 by Juanita Coulson. It has Wind-Eaters on the cover!" ?? He's a sensitive chap, and he may furtively direct me to the porno section, thinking I want the sequel to G-69 by Geis.

I don't believe I told you on the phone that "2001" has filtered down to the Provinces, about a year ahead of the normal filtering schedule. I saw the picture in a small 500-seat neighborhood house (not in Cinerama and not with stereo sound), and the running time had been cut to 2 hours 20 minutes. I can't locate the article right now, but I have the impression that someone said it ran well over 3 hours in New York. This quick come-down to the smaller cities usually happens when a picture fails to draw satisfactory grosses in the metropolitan theaters and the film distributor suddenly begins to worry about recouping the investment. There were about fifty or sixty people in the house on the afternoon I saw it. Which is a bad sign. The umpteenth reissue of "Gone With the Wind" did much better, and it is now 29 years old.

"Wild in the Streets" was an icky picture, but it pleased the teenage drive-in crowd. The kids in the cars were sufficiently interested in it to bypass their usual in-car activity, and watch the screen. Our theater deputy was so astonished he regained his sense of wonder. (The local drive-in had to fire a young deputy who worked only a few weeks last summer. The management discovered he wasn't breaking up the little orgies, but instead was cutting himself in as the price of his silence. Some of us wondered how many cars per night he managed, before he collapsed.)

/Somehow I'll manage to bear up under your revelation about Juanita. It's all for the best, I suppose; if she did turn into another Ted White, people would talk. (If she turned into another Marlan, nobody else would get a chance to talk.) RSC In a feeble attempt to repair the undoubtedly irreparable damage of my omission, I'll say the title of A-77 was THE SINGING STONES, backed by DERA! by Ted Fubb. Possibly my avoidance of the name was a Freudian omission, for a variety of reasons. It's sad to think of 2001 on a small screen and minus stereo; almost as bad as contemplating reruns on television. That's one film that will suffer terribly in any other medium but the one it was designed for. So far I seem to be the only one I know whodid not think the film was overlong. In fact, I think I could have done with quite a bit more of it. I found 2001 helped satisfy a very hungry spot in my psyche, and I'd like to see it again, soon. JWC/

Antonio Dupla, Po La Agustin, 9, Zaragoza, Spain

And, now, though much late, about Yandros.

174: Yes, how right you are! If you do like to have books, and to have them available and at hand, you need a big house. I live in a flat not so big, and it arrives at times that one new book makes it imperative to begin a series of displace-



ments that can include half the shelves. As you write mainly for American readers you can be right (in "Terror") putting Dierce as better known than Maupassant, though it is definitely the opposite in all of Europe. And as for which one is better written, let me remind you that you have read Maupassant translated, which can have you lose his fine style that is for me far better than Dierce's.

175: You seem to have taken health in a very depreciative way. Encephalitis, Juanita, sounds like a grade A illness and there is many a year from when I saw the last one; congratulations on your throwing it away fast.

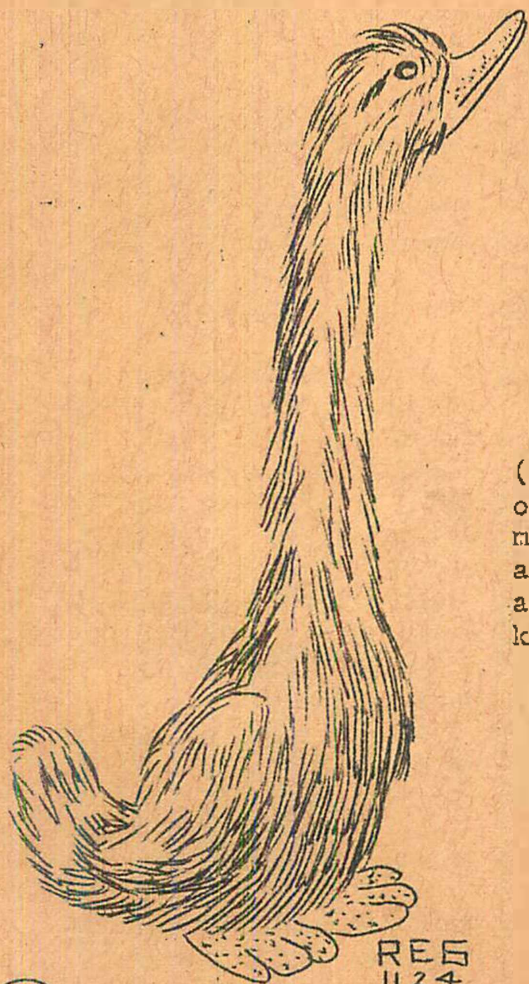
Oh sorry. You didn't invent San Sebastien, perhaps the prettiest town in Spain and (till the present rush of tourists that occupies every place) the first summer resort. From the old days of Parsection to read Hensley has always been a joy, as now. Rev. Moorhead rides again! As myself. The dead surge anew and great things are to be expected. And, though late, congratulations on getting the full, and natural effect of a Pepsi. An excellent letters section, and "Starman Jones" appeared in pb as a Penguin Puffin book in 1966.

176: Juanita, do you know what "Aragonaize" (Aragoneses put in French) stands for? Aragon is a region of Spain and Zaragoza is its capital. Aragonese is an adjective referring in this case to its music, a strong, "manly" one called "jota", which is also the spelling in Spanish of the "j". This issue is full of goods, the review by White for one and also those of Horwood that has achieved a fine degree of brilliancy.

178: Sorry to hear of Ron's death, a very fine young man he was. Sorry about your father, Juanita; you wrote to me about him some years ago.

Re: "The Great Monkey Trial", if I am not wrong in Georgia pi was voted by law a stiff 3.15.

180: The controversy about female characters depicted by male writers has made a shallow search, it seems to me.



REG  
1124

In Spain we have a first rate novelist, perhaps translated, perhaps not, as for what the lists of books show, your ignorance of modern Spanish literature is majestic. Benito Perez Galdos. In "Fortunate and Hyacinth" and "Misericordy" he has made masterly what you don't find around. And Tolstoy's

AINA KAREMINA, Turgén's "IAMA", Dostoievski's THE WHITE NIGHTS, Walpole's JUDITH PARRISH and VANESSA, Morgan's THE VOYAGE, Goethe's THE ELECTIVE AFFINITIES, Hemingway's A FAREWELL TO ARMS, and so on and so on portraits of feminine character with which many a woman can feel empathy.

Betty Lujawa, your schizophrenic friend of Cry days is very glad to hear from you another time.

182: Sorrier yet to hear about Buck's asthma attack, though all is well that... Some things have I learned (and I am an asthma specialist. Did you know I am a Fellow of the American College of Chest Physicians?) apart of the misplaced hypo, a thing never heard before. First oxygen as the only treatment certainly doesn't cure an attack of asthma. Second, said process has no special pulse that I know of.

As for the murder of RFK, perhaps there are so many trees that the forest is invisible, but when you cite me the murder of Wallace, Maddox, Goldwater or the chief of the John Birch Society - yes, shot at by Oswald but alive - I can agree with you. Sorry, but your country presents a bad face to the world that pretends to conduct. Perhaps there is no conspiracy, but there are too many coincidences. As for the arms, the fact that its sales are controlled doesn't mean that such sales are forbidden. And the sad reality is that, in recent times, as a whole you have demonstrated to be too immature to let



them sell as easily as bubble gum. And you must have no doubt that it is a friend who writes this.

/Rightwingers killed? How about George Lincoln Rockwell? A while back the newspaper made a big thing about 3 attempts on the life of Everett Dirksen, but none got very far and I have my suspicions that Dirksen just didn't want to be left out of things. RSC/

Lee Klingstein, 1435 S. Bundy #4, Los Angeles, California, 90025

In regard to Nan Braudo's letter, I've had some thoughts on the worthwhileness of English Lit courses, too. I've currently got an M.A. in English and I should get the PhD in another year or so, but I feel pretty ambivalent as to how useful it's all been--outside of qualifying for what I hope will be an interesting job, that is. The chief problem with majoring in literature is that you have to learn to stop enjoying the stuff and concentrate on analyzing it--a job rather like doing a double crostic, particularly if you're working on T.S. Eliot. The chief benefits are stumbling on authors you wouldn't have heard of otherwise--plus developing a greater translation skill at receiving obscure communications. (Once you've coped with Joyce's ULYSSES, the "New Wave" is child's play.)

There's a fairly well verified rumor out here that Art Wallace (creator and story line supervisor of "Dark Shadows") will be leaving "Dark Shadows" for the West Coast--and Gene Roddenberry. I hope "Dark Shadows" won't deteriorate too much if it's true.

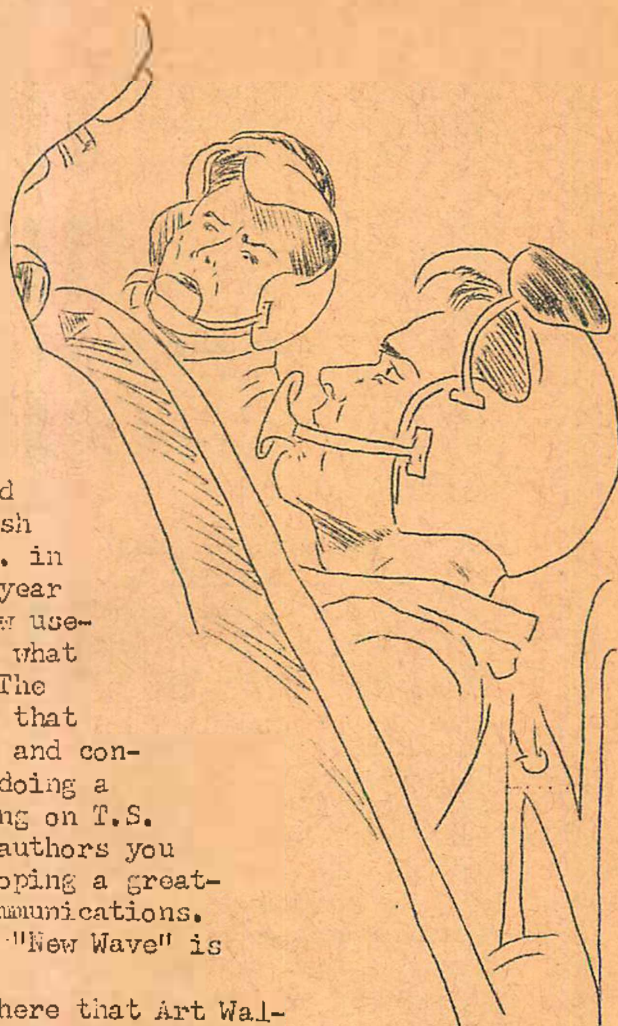
/Oddly, I did not find that analyzing literature stopped my enjoyment of the material studied in the slightest. (I more or less fast-talked my way into several lit courses generally reserved for English majors, and felt they were all well worth the effort.) On the contrary, it gives me an added dimension of appreciation. Of course, I read very rapidly, and something I like will be read several times, the first for pure entertainment and the second and future times for analytic purposes, and for further enjoyment. JWC/

Bob Adams, 7070E. Vaile, Kokomo, Indiana 46901

It's been awhile. If you like, I'll list the standard reasons for not writing and you can pick one: a) I couldn't find the time; b) I lost your address; c) I was sick; d) You were sick; k) My typing finger was struck by temporary paralysis.

By the way, Juanita stole my thunder a few months back with her comments on the stupidity of the "Don't help a good boy go bad" commercial. I had that same thought a couple of months prior to her mention of it, and I was going to write to you about it but a) I couldn't find the time; b)...

I don't think I want to get into the gun controversy, unless you're willing to let me take a couple of swings at you without hitting back. I think I will risk one or two light jabs, one of them being the enclosed letter clipped from the Kokomo Tribune, showing that all the "emotionalism" isn't on the side of the anti-gun people. As a matter of fact, um, ah, isn't your comment that you're getting a





little sick of it a bit emotional? And lastly, I find it really amusing the way gun enthusiasts constantly equate guns with cars in the slaughter each does, but yell bloody murder when anyone suggests guns should be licensed as cars are. But nevertheless, I do agree that legislation will do no good at all. Now, if we ever stop talking about anti-gun legislation and start talking about guns, I have a very simple solution to the whole thing; merely stop manufacturing them except for the police and military. A few would still get into the hands of criminals, but not nearly the enormous numbers they now possess.

Am I all alone in considering Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In a helluva bore? The way everyone else is acclaiming it, I'm beginning to think my sense of humor has atrophied. Be that as it may, it gets my nomination as the unfunniest comedy show of the past two or three seasons.

Finally, though I don't send letters of comment on it the way I used to, I do appreciate receiving Yandro. It's like an old friend come to visit when I find it in the mailbox. (I like you too, even if you are gun crazy.) Only thing is, where some zines have "Sub", "Trade" or "Review Copy" printed on the envelope, I wish you wouldn't have "FREELoader" stamped on mine.

/Stop the manufacture of guns? Gee, then we wouldn't have any more murders than they had in Imperial Rome, or tenth-century Norway, or medieval France, or all those places that didn't have guns. I liked some parts of "Laugh-In" last year, though I don't recall ever watching an entire program. But the first show this season was certainly a bust. RSC/

Don & Maggie Thompson, 8786 Hendricks Rd., Mentor, Ohio, 44060

As to your mention in Y182 that there weren't any civilian snipers during riots, I fear that was (literally) shot down by the recent Cleveland nastiness. There was considerable firing--at police by civilians--and marked a change (or, more hopefully, a freak) in rioting. It was guerilla warfare on a particularly vicious level. Police responded to it by beating other citizens. (Amusingly--hah!--it seems that the snipers were treated with great care by police so as not to get hit with charges of police brutality. But police beat up innocent bystanders and harassed Negroes on their way to work and that sort of thing--making for even better community relations than existed before the whole thing.)

A Negro friend of ours was walking her dog one night during the riot times and discovered she was being followed by a National Guardsman, who was sneaking from tree to tree behind her. She walked over to him, asked him what the blazes he thought he was doing, what the blazes he thought she was doing, and so on. She followed him down the street away as he slunk off and she continued to make comments about his idiocy until he made his escape.

But others were less fortunate in contacts with The Law. All in all, it was pretty messy.

Don't give me that garbage about how I didn't "read closely" because I was telling you that you could buy a stereo cartridge for use on a monaural record player, because you had said you needed a new player not a new needle. There are mono record players still being made (cheapies, yeah, but you seem most interested in cheapness) and you can buy one and a stereo cartridge and have your new record player that isn't a stereo but will play stereo records. For that matter, I bet you can find a cheap second-hand expensive (originally) mono player, since many such were turned in for expensive stereo players... If you want to be an individualist, you gotta work at it sometimes.

/Not in this area you can't find good second-hand mono players, city slicker. Lots of talk about sniping this summer, but very few incidents that I believe. (Cleveland was one, of course.) There was talk about sniping before. Hopefully, Cleveland will not set a trend. RSC/

Seth Johnson, 345 Yale Avenue, Hillside, N.J., 07205

I saw something rather interesting and had an idea I'm kicking around in every IOC



so if you should print this it's good chance it appeared somewhere else. But there is a gin mill in my neighborhood which has juke box with sort of television-like screen hooked up over the bar showing Go Go girls and strippers and the like. The thing is, though, that both vision and sound are contained right in the record or disc.

Ever since then I've been wondering if it would be possible to get all the episodes of STAR TREK recorded on such records and installed in juke box at World Cons. Even at fifty cents a throw why there might be quite a few people wanting to see episodes they had missed during the year or to exhibit their favorite episode to friends and so forth. It might go a long way towards defraying convention expenses to boot.

/Anybody know more about this? I knew you could tape record both sound and audio (if you had \$5000 or so to pay for the machine) but never heard of this. You sure there isn't a trick to it? RSC/

#### Alice Hopf

I guess when you write a factual book, like my "monsters" book, you get disagreements from all over. My sister-in-law objected because I said the roadrunner was "messy". Well, I was only quoting the source, having had very little to do with roadrunners personally. As for the Komodo dragon, I'm sure the source said it was the biggest--and from seeing the specimen in the Nat. Hist. Museum, I sure got the impression it was bigger than any alligator. It certainly stands higher. I'll try to dig out my material sometime and see just what it said. Maybe it said the biggest lizard--in which case I would technically be wrong. I've seen the Galapagos tortoises at the Bronx Zoo, and the Komodo dragon sure looked a lot bigger. But I don't know about poundage. Anyhow, if I don't get any worse criticism than these, I'll be ok. The reviewer in the Library Journal took issue about the octopus--but he didn't say what was wrong, which is rather infuriating. Perhaps he hadn't read the book I read.

Am just finishing reading a new book going around our SEFWA library, called "Ape-man, Spaceman"--anthropological science fiction. Quite good. At least I liked most of the stories, and had only read 2 before. They included a few silly items which I felt were a waste of space. Anyhow, I enjoyed it all much, much more than the Berman collection of "beasts" which went around before it. Could only stomach about 1 in that. I note that Diggle has a new novel out. Anne says it is going the rounds. Did not begin with me, unfortunately. I have been enthusiastic about everything he has written, so am looking forward to this one.

/I recently blew \$1.00 on THE GUINNESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS. Leafing more or less idly through it I found that the salt-water crocodile of southeast Asia "attained reputed lengths of 33 feet" and a weight of 3 tons (for one shot in 1940). "Present-day crocodiles do not appear to exceed 22½ feet". Under "Largest Lizard" is the Komodo dragon; 10 to 13 feet long and weighing 400 pounds or a bit less. RSC/

Howard Devore, 4705 Weddel St., Dearborn Heights, Michigan, 48125

I thought you might be interested in today's crimereport as published in the Detroit News; knowing that you couldn't publish the whole thing in Yandro I've condensed it and left out some of the incidents.

Six newsboys robbed of their collection money, Luke Holliman was robbed at a street corner, Charles Reeves, 13, standing on an opposite corner saw this and turned to run, whereupon another knifer robbed him. Four other incidents reported.

Two men beat and robbed Floyd Burton (age 73) yesterday; he suffered a broken leg, sprained ankle, bruises and bloody nose. This is the fourth mugging on a four block stretch of Woodward Avenue since Tuesday. This despite increased patrols in this area - add the fact that Woodward is Detroit's busiest, widest and best lighted street in the city. Most muggings take place in mid-afternoon.



At 8p.m. attempted holdup two blocks away, woman proprietor of a bookstore pulled a bigger knife on the man and scared him off. Minutes later a 14 year old girl kidnapped and raped a few blocks east of this area.

Two men and a woman held up gas station at gun point 3:30 a.m. Man and woman shot and robbed in front of their own home yesterday morning. Unfortunately the man didn't have any money.

Marion Brokker was shot on a stairway yesterday when he resisted a holdup. He fell down the stairs into the street, whereupon seven men standing nearby ripped off his pants and stole his money.

Four cab drivers were robbed yesterday, despite the fact that police officers are driving some cabs as plants. Two gun men held up a gas station yesterday morning and drove away in a '68 Cadillac convertible.

Man knocked down two old ladies yesterday morning and stole their purses. James Lake was slugged with a tire iron and robbed by three men. Teenagers in pickup fired shotgun at Mich-

ael Weatherly, wounding him in both legs.

Now, what have Detroit's police done about this? The mayor recently deplored the large number of guns in the hands of citizens, suggesting strict gun control and a turn in of all guns not licensed....of course few people would get a license.

In the meantime the new police commissioner issued a public announcement stating that due to a rising crime rate his men could not cover the city and would no longer respond to minor burglaries, muggings, small holdups and "family trouble" calls. This amounts to a statement that as long as they don't rob banks the criminals are free to go about their business. Victims of these "minor" problems are requested to go to their nearest station house and report the trouble themselves...

Recently two Mafia leaders were picked up for illegal possession of guns. They live in Grosse Pointe - an ultra suburb. Last week they came to trial and were fined \$100 and put on probation. The judge said they were good risks because they were "family men".

Detroit has become a literal jungle. I can avoid it living 20 miles away, but what of the people trapped in the city?

Bleeding hearts and well-meaning socialists have already taken away a great many of your supposed rights, when your guns are gone you'll have lost the last protection against the rapists and murderers that the local and federal government are producing and pouring into the streets.

When the man comes to take away my gun he'd better be carrying one of his own.

Don Bensen

In 183 you ask when I am going to publish more KIRST. Probably never--Pyramid has the most KIRST titles, with Bantam having some of the top ones, and they are the most likely contenders for future KIRSTs. And unless KIRST comes up with a humdinger by September 27, I shall not be in a position to buy it for Pyramid--as that is my last day there. On the 30th I move over to Berkeley, and will be dealing with mysteries, westerns, sf, and some more general sorts of books. With a smaller list and larger staff, I think I'll find it possible to devote more time and care to sf, which will be a joy to me if not necessarily to the authors I work with, most of whom have got used to a very light editorial touch. I'll be working under Tom Dardis, Editor-In-Chief, who will continue overall responsibility but concentrate on the Very Important Books.



/Good luck in the new job, and let's hope somebody keeps publishing  
first. RSC/

Dave Locke, 915 Mt. Olive Dr. #16, Duarte, California, 91010

Your gun control discussion is interesting, but I'm after more strict knife control laws. I believe that all knives should be registered and stamped with serial numbers, and that serrated edges should be varied so that no two combinations of serratures, as with the rifling in guns, are identical. I think something should be done about circle-saw blades, too.

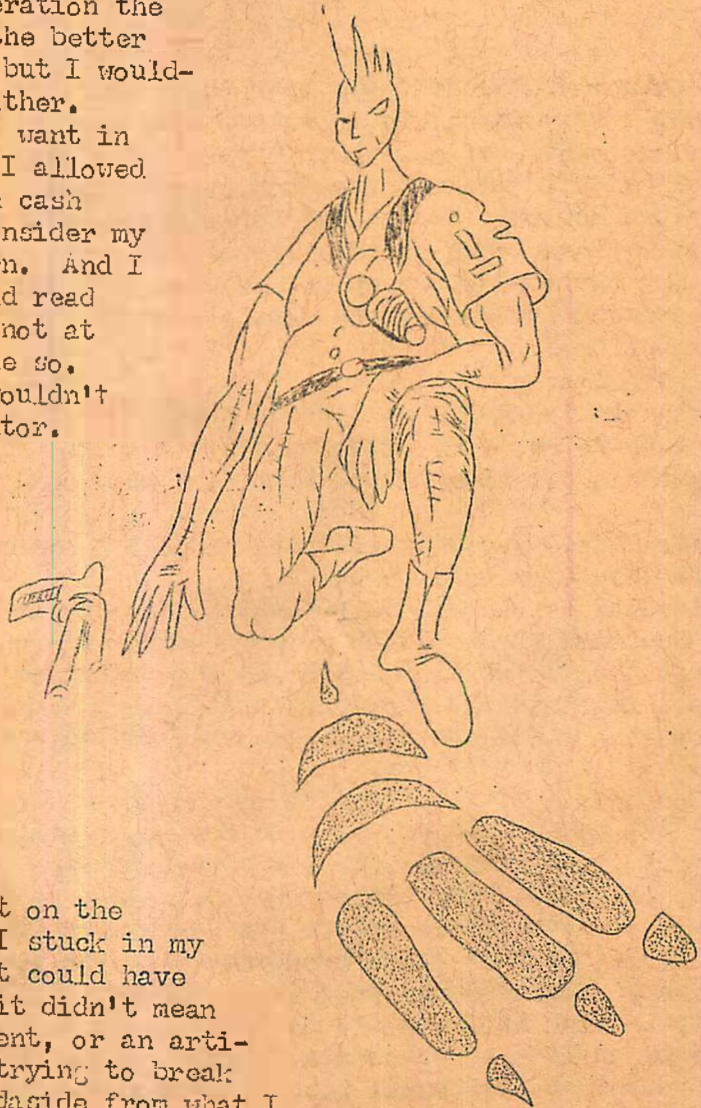
I disagree with your views on how a fanzine should be obtained. It all centers around paying cash for the things. Anything I publish is available thru trades, LoCs, and material written or drawn. I have, when I publish, a desire to receive response of this nature. I have no interest in receiving money as a return for my efforts. I have no interest in making my zines available to people who are willing to do nothing in return except pay for them. And if, after a run, I have extras left over I'm willing to give out sample copies for free. Depending on how much I value whatever response is given, I'm not averse to carrying people on the m/i for a few issues even if their response is infrequent.

I can only comprehend two reasons for allowing subscriptions to fanzines. One would be to try and recoup some of your expenses, but the extra expenditure in time and effort to produce the resultant larger runs wouldn't be worth it to me. Undoubtedly your zine even returns a small profit, but I wouldn't consider the time spent worth the money received.

The other reason takes into consideration the fact that the larger the circulation the better your chances of latching onto a Hugo, but I wouldn't consider that worth the effort, either.

There are, as I said, many things I want in return for my publishing efforts. If I allowed my zines to be obtained for cash, then cash would be another thing I wanted. I consider my time more valuable than the cash return. And I could care less about someone who would read my zines and enjoy them but who would not at least write once in a while and tell me so. If he does do at least that, then he wouldn't need to pay cash -- he'd be a contributor. And I would be embarrassed to accept subscription money from people who contribute material as well.

I used to accept money for the old Phoenix, but whenever I held a quarter in my hand (and sticky quarters, mostly) my feelings were a mixed bag. Comparative to what a quarter would buy at a newstand at that time I felt that my publication wasn't really worth a quarter to the reader. It was to me, but not to him. It was a matter of one person thinking of production cost and the other of quality and quantity. But on the other hand, the quarter was something I stuck in my pocket, and I did so apathetically. It could have easily been a half-buck, or more, but it didn't mean as much as a good juicy letter of comment, or an article, or some illos. Quite aside from trying to break even, or even from making a profit, and aside from what I





considered my time worth in comparison, I felt myself muchly cheated in receiving money instead of material. I publish strictly for material, and while my n/lis are only a quarter the size of yours the readership is active and produces the same volume of response - material wise - that yours does.

So explain to me why you publish for money.

Everyone to his own lousy rotten way of doing things...

Maybe some of your readers can readily volunteer their opinions on this. Mainly I'd be interested only in publisher's opinions. Reader's opinions are already obvious.

What I said was that readers should pay for the first issue of a fanzine; how they get it after that is between them and the editor, and no part of a review column. You may be willing to trust someone you never heard of before who writes you and says "send me a free copy of your fanzine and I'll comment on it" but I'm not.

As for publishing for money versus free copies for comment: In the first place, sending out copies in return for letters (or postcards, even) implies that you consider one letter as important as a contribution, since contribs are paid for the same way. Strikes me as a mild insult to contributors. Second, anybody in fandom can dash off a letter, but it is a compliment when they are willing to pay hard cash for what you produce. Third, either Yandro is self-supporting, or Yandro doesn't appear; I'm not about to put large amounts of cash into publishing a fanzine when I could use it for worthier purposes, even if I had large amounts of cash. (Which I don't; without subs, we would have folded 4 or 5 years ago because we couldn't afford it. Yandro expenses run somewhat over \$800 a year; this amount is offset by subs.) Fourth, if we published every letter we received, we could run 30 pages of letters every month; you sure your mailing list produces that volume? If it does, you're unusual; most fan editors seem to include personal comments to them in the lettercolumn, which means that either they don't know how to edit letters or they don't get enough genuinely interesting material to fill the column. Besides, people who pay money and write letters are obviously more interested than those who do only one of the two. (And why should we ask for letters when we have more than we can publish now? When I get to the point where I have more money than I can use, I'll quit asking for that.) RSC/

Hank Davis,

I've been hoping that someone who is A) an Objectivist or B) well-read in Ayn Rand's works would deflate Ted White's column in Yandro 180. I am neither. But, as little as I know about Objectivism, I can easily see holes in his article. And it pains me to see such go unchallenged. But first a cop-out. Everybody please note A) and B) above. I am not interested in a protracted argument about Objectivism and not competent to handle one.

Basically, Ted White's article is similar to the kind of "refutations" of Marx that might be made by a staunch Junior Chamber of Commerce man. In a recent biography of Marx is the statement "Capitalism had destroyed him; so he would destroy capitalism." Elecch. Strictly schoolboy refutation. I would defend Marx against a sloppy attack; likewise I defend Ayn Rand. All this is aside from my preferring an Objectivist society to a Marxist one.

Objectivism starts from the notion that objective reality is real and is as we perceive it. Miss Rand attempts to derive an ethical system, using this notion as a starting point. In so doing, she runs counter to contemporary philosophers. It has for a century or two been agreed that normative statements cannot be derived from empirical data. She attempts to bridge the gap by the statement: "An organism's life is its standard of value: that which furthers it is the good, that which threatens it is the evil." (VIRTUE OF SELFISHNESS, page 17 in the pb) This is probably the weakest point of objectivism, and if Mr. White is in a Rand-attacking mood, he might have attempted to refute it, instead of writing a shallow journalistic broadside.

By involved reasoning, Miss Rand concludes that capitalism is the only economic system



harmonious with the Objectivist view of reality, because the free market system sets the real value of labor, raw materials, finished products, etc. Price controls and minimum wage laws and the like are contrary to reality, for they set prices at levels contrary to that which the free market would set; a worker who needs a minimum wage law to raise his wage to a given level is receiving wages above his objective value. The altruists argue that wages should be set at a level such that nobody will starve. Objectivism objects (sorry about that; I couldn't resist) to this, as being founded on emotion. A worker's labor has a definite, ascertainable value; anything but value given for value received is contrary to objective reality, and the notion that a worker's need should determine wages is an emotion held contrary to the conclusion arrived at by reasoning -- and that, for the benefit of Ted White and L. Sprague de Camp, is what she means by an irrational emotion.

At this point, someone will wail: "You don't want people to be starving, do you?" Miss Rand, aside from rejecting this as an appeal to emotion rather than to reason, would argue that under a free market system prosperity would result. Some may regard this as a cop-out. I'll leave debate on this question to those who think that economics is a science.

Ted's examples of wartime profiteering and the Williamson Clan have been answered by Miss Rand in writings that even I have stumbled across. Wartime is not a true capitalistic situation -- by which she means a free market. And Ayn Rand does condemn swindlers. A seller of worthless goods is not giving value for value received. He is claiming characteristics (i.e. worth) for his product which it does not, in fact, have, which is a distortion of objective reality. And she is too interested in Ted White's individual freedom; and she would too allow him the freedom to be irrational, and to act irrational as long as he did not initiate force against another individual. And Objectivism holds that the government may not initiate the use of force against an individual, as well. A basic principle of Objectivism is that no person is to accept unquestioningly another's view of reality. To do so is to be a "second-hander", intellectually. Thus, Ted White's characterization of her as an "intellectual totalitarian" demonstrates that he has failed to do his homework; as do most of his other remarks.

Ted White's critique on psychological grounds ventures into an area in which I lack competence. ~~He will not let me say that.~~ His comments, however, do not have quite the effect on me that they would have had a year ago. Recently, I took the basic course in Objectivism that Nathaniel Branden Institute offers (which does not make me an authority). These courses are handled by tape recordings, run by a representative. The representative in this case was a grad student at the U. of Ky. And he was an Objectivist (which I am not, I again emphasize). Care to guess what he was a grad student in?

Psychology.

On to lighter things. Nobody has yet mentioned the line in PLANET OF THE APES that rubbed me the wrongest: when one of the chimps says "Never trust an ape over 30." Bleech. And I have seen John Brunner's adaptation of Leinster's THE WALLING ASTEROID, a flick called THE TERRORNAUTS. It was totally lousy. Bad acting, tink-er-toy special effects, and the script--I've seen better on LOST IN SPACE. The companion film that was double featured with THE TERRORNAUTS is made by the same company, and is an adaptation of THE GODS HATE KANSAS. It is hardly Hugo material, but it comes off much better. And another comment on APES. The movie, as everyone should know by now, starts off with a spaceship sent to another star while the crew is in suspended animation. The ship somehow gets back to earth--all while the crew is in etc.--and the slight navigational error (180 degrees, yet) is never explained. This is not in the book, and I doubt that Soule would write a book like that, since he was trained as an engineer and wouldn't share Rod Serling's mystic notion that automatic pilots are completely unreliable and that machines do impossible things when you don't watch them.

Gun"control": Don't be upset by the way that the advocates of gun prohibition (as I prefer to call it, putting the semantical weight on my side) are pointing to polls and saying that Congress is thwarting the Will of the Great Unwashed. Most of the



advocates were the same people who supported the Open Housing Act, and polls showed that the majority of the same Great Unwashed were opposed to that. Regardless of your opinion of Open Housing, you have to admit that the doctrinaire liberals are inconsistent. Also, I have learned to ignore the people who say "We want to regulate firearms; not outlaw them." My anti-firearm friends, when I talk to them privately, sooner or later get around to how "ridiculous" it is for anyone to want to own a gun. And when a large body of people think that they know what is best for everybody else, they usually try to convert their neo-puritanism into law. Why doesn't somebody print up buttons saying "The right to buy weapons is the right to be free?" Not very elegantly phrased but it has a nice ring to it.

One of the funniest things I read during the summer break (early, as will be obvious) was an unintentional yolk in a newspaper article about Rowan & Martin. It said that they differ politically -- one was for Robert Kennedy and one was Eugene McCarthy.

Why do you take liberal Democratic papers when you could be reading H. Stanton Evans' Indianapolis News?

I am totally aghast at Boyd Raeburn's comparison of STAR TREK's Dr. McCoy with LOST IN SPACE's Dr. Smith. How are they alike? And the idea of a robot speaking with a light flashing in rhythm antedates both programs, going back at least to Robby the Robot in FORBIDDEN PLANET.

Richard Delap's letter also shook me up, since I had just finished reading THE MASKS OF TIME without realizing that it had a shock ending. If that's a shock ending, then Silverberg is a great writer. It is not a shock ending. Therefore... I am amused by the noise about the "new" Robert Silverberg. He's still a hack, but now he's manipulating different materials than in his space opera days. He has wasted much of my time, whether with tripe like COLLISION COURSE or with tripe like THORNS.

/We don't get the Indianapolis News because the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette is a better paper. My objection to Rand isn't to her philosophy, so much; it's to her incredibly bad writing. Her philosophy is totally unworkable, of course, as long as we remain people - but then so are "ideal" Communism and "ideal" Christianity. RSC/

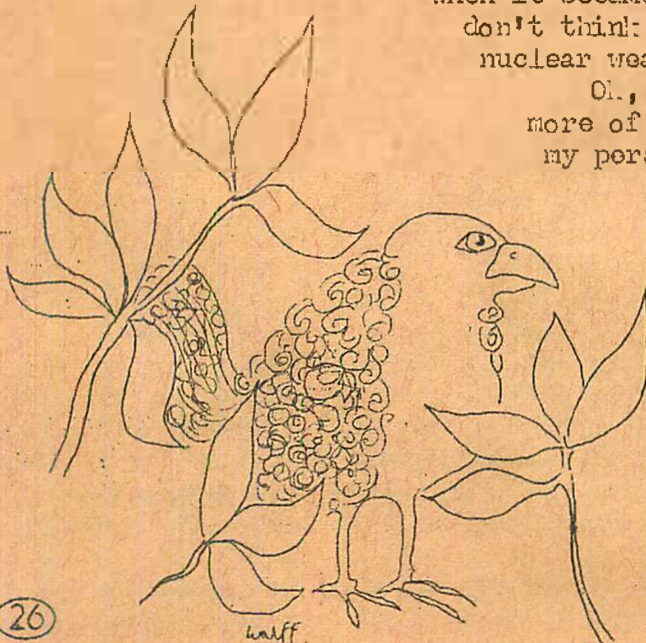
Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd., Stamford, Conn., 06902

Yes Buck, you are quite right. I do not trust the police to register guns. I was willing to trust the government, but not any more, and certainly not the Jumbo of Tricky Dick. So I've changed my policy. As of now America is not prepared to take firearm registration. Hopefully when we're out of this dark period we won't need registration.

I do indeed believe that if this country was attacked, a) we'd retaliate and that when it became full-scale Nuclear weapons would be used. I don't think that it would be attacked in the beginning by nuclear weapons (necessarily).

Oh, on to Chicago (if anyone wants to get some more of what I think of the Democratic con write for my personalzine it ain't ME BABE a dime or 6¢ stamp).

The people there were not all "yippies" (a hippie who has been clubbed over the head and is now concerned with politics--and his own welfare). Most were from the Poor Peoples' Campaigns, or peace movements (the middle class types.) Basically: The police there were violent. They wounded 300 people. They seriously wounded (fractures, concussions, etc.) 100. They tear gassed at least 2500. Now, how many people feel they were right (71% if one believes the NYTimes) most of those feel that the police were provoked. If you think they were provoked, explain these





two incidents. A 41 year old Chicagoan came down to cheer the police on; he was beaten up and teargassed. He wasn't in the way, he was just there, and handy.

A 15 year-old boy was walking in downtown Chicago. He was long-haired. He had a brief-case. Two Chicago detectives stopped him, and asked him to open it up. He did; inside was a blank-gun (a super cap gun, which makes a noise just like a real gun, but doesn't fire anything. It is a noisemaker.). The cops tried to beat the kid up (they didn't want to ask for the gun, he wouldn't have given it to them anyway) as they mistook the noisemaker for a real pistol. The 3 scuffled, the blank-gun went off. The kid got scared and ran (leaving the gun behind with his bag) and the detectives fired two shots (no warning shots) and the second one killed him.

Now, the police can make mistakes but in Chicago they made way too many.

Looking backward at this thing I would like to say that all you people who consider yourselves liberal (I don't) should consider that gun control thing because if you get gun-control we're gonna be in for an even harder 4 years.

On to Dave Locke on R.A. Lafferty. Firstly, one does not buy a book because it has so many pages; some people don't like spending a lot on a little, but quality counts in that I'd rather have THE REEFS OF EARTH (at 60¢ for 140 pages) than a lot of other 2.0p. sf books at 50¢.

/I've been waiting for some Democrat to tell me there's too much violence on tv; no luck so far. Neither the police nor the demonstrators came out smelling like roses, if it comes to that. RSC/

Bill Conner,

That you'd be interested in this--while checking the exchange newspapers at work yesterday, I spotted the following headline in the Sept. 12 edition of the LA Times: "Scientologists Arouse Controversy in Britain".

The subhead said "Bizarre Denomination Earns Animosity of Government, Allegiance of Thousands."

The story says the Scientologists have set up the headquarters of their movement in East Grinstead, England, in the country mansion once owned by the maharajah of Jaipur. The villagers charge the Scientologists with throwing orgies at the mansion and want to have the government ban the movement. The press of London has also campaigned against the movement, and British Health Minister Kenneth Robinson recently denounced Scientology as "socially harmful...a potential menace," and moved to keep foreigners from coming to Britain to study at the College of Scientology at East Grinstead, according to the Associated Press.

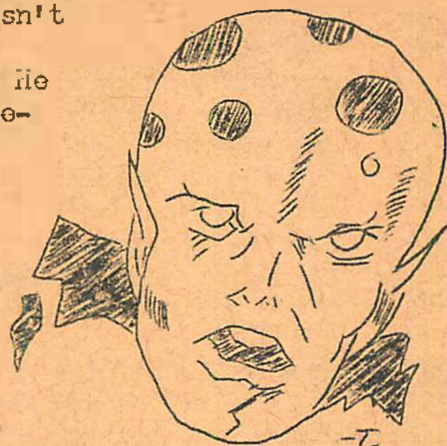
And here's where science fiction's reputation is besmirched:

"Scientology's founder, American science fiction writer L. Ron Hubbard, 57, is barred from return to England. He moved his headquarters here 11 years ago but now reportedly lives aboard a yacht in the Mediterranean."

The story then goes into the well-known-to-fandom background of Hubbard's nut group. It also describes an electronic instrument used by Scientologists which is called an "E-Meter". Engrams aren't mentioned in story, but it says the E-Meter allegedly "measures the mental state of individuals 'to disclose truth to the individual who is being processed and thus free him spiritually'!"

E-Meters sell for \$112, so the British Scientology sucker is apparently being freed of some of his spare cash, too.

The College of Scientology at East Grinstead claims to have 300 students enrolled, and the Scientologists claim to have 100,000 members in Britain. The AP wound up the story by mentioning that the Scientologists in Britain have a legal department



-7-



with five lawyers and that these fellows are busy with ~~54~~ libel suits, "largely against British newspapers."

All of this makes me wonder if sometimes freedom of religion isn't stretched too far to include movements which are little more than organized madness. Apparently the British are considering putting some limits on their freedom to be stupid.

L. Ron Hubbard is a man who has strayed from science fiction to spread social pathology. I wish the AP would at least identify him as a "former science fiction writer."

/I was a bit startled, on looking through my copy of the October issue of Man-kind, to note that the inside back cover is taken up with a Scientology ad. If they're buying space in prestige publications, they must have money. RSC/

PFC John F Kusske RA68015626, 1st Missile Battalion, 57th Artillery, APO San Francisco, 96331

In July when I visited St. Louis fandom, a major topic was the difference between fans and pros. Ray Fisher felt that the two groups are drifting apart, and this is a bad thing for both of them. Now I find Yandro discussing the same question. Personally, although I realize that there are some "professionals" and some "amateurs," I don't feel there should be a gulf between the two. A writer uses his literary talents (those that he has) to earn money, you and I use other talents. The particular ability that a person maintains his livelihood with shouldn't be a measure of social status. I wonder who is responsible for the bisection of the sf community? The early pros who felt they were superior to the adolescent fans of the day, or the fans who thought they were obviously inferior to the god-men who were the writers? Maybe it was a carry-over from mundane society. In any case, I think it's a bad scene. Being overly conscious of the split only helps to widen it.

I recognize only 1/3 of the names in your lettercol: Lee Hoffman, Richard Labonte, the old reliable Dennis Lien (I've got to badger a fellow-Minnesotan), and Piers Jacob. Is Yandro becoming the neofans' playground that NAPA once was, Bob? I suspect that is a nightmare you don't care to think about, however... In any case, the names I don't recognize are a guide to the extent I've become cut-off from fandom, and they show how fast the turnover is in our hobby-way-of-life. "Variety is the spice of life," but I'm a meat and potatoes man.

Since I last wrote you an loc, a lot has happened to my life. Most notably my initiation into the army, 8 weeks of basic training, 8 weeks of clerical training (where they "taught" me to use a typewriter), a 17-day leave, and my assignment to and arrival on Okinawa. The army, as you probably know, does not provide a very good environment for participating in fanac. Consequently, I had to turn APA45 pver to Ken Fletcher (Lesleigh Couch has since been elected OE, and I think the group will continue to enjoy good times) and I had to discontinue Mantrap.

Okinawa isn't a bad place to serve, especially while there's a war going on somewhere else. I don't like the weather too much, and the people seem too eager to obtain Yankee dollars, but those are minor irritations. I'll be here 18 months, however, and that's a long time. Well, there is Pepsi-Cola here and sf and I can get fanzines from the States. Things could be worse, I guess.

/The discussion in Yandro was on the difference between fan and pro awards.

I feel that letting professionals compete in fan categories is going to mean, eventually, that we simply have additional professional categories. Of course, some of the professionals remain fans, but I see no point in increasing the number of Hugos if the additional ones are going to go to the same people as the originals. (I saw very little point in increasing them in the first place, for that matter. I am in fandom because I meet more interesting people than I do in my outside job, and I see no particular reason for pandering to other people's craving for egoboo. But that's beside the point.) Checking the last issue, I noted that most of the letters did happen to be from new readers; they just happened to be the most interesting, I guess. This lettercol look more familiar? RSC/



# STRANGE FRUIT

Notes for my own records; I received a copy of THE ONCE AND FUTURE NEROD from Al Snider; believe he said this was passed out at the BayCon. Attractive little sampler. Then there is a Cultzine from George Heap and an unmentionable #27 from a pair of alleged comics fans.

LOCUS #4, 5, 6, 7 (Charlie Brown, 2078 Anthony Ave, Bronx, New York 10457 - biweekly - 15¢ - co-editors, Ed Neskeys and Dave Van-

derwerf) Note; on co-edited mags, I give one address, to save typing and space. Unless one editor is specified as handling the cash, I try to rotate the address given among the editors (but I don't always succeed). This seems to be the top fan newsletter. #7 provides a complete rundown on the BayCon; awards, business session, official program. Earlier issues handle general fan news. Rating....7

OSPA #39 (Hank Luttrell, 2936 Barrett Station Road, Kirkwood, Missouri 63122 - monthly - 15¢) A somewhat larger newsletter, covering Missouri fan news, book releases, fanzine reviews and some general items. Rating....6

TRANSATLANTIC TRADER, Summer 1968 (Niels Augustin, Jac. Veltmanstr.30, Postbus 9080, Amsterdam-W3, NETHERLANDS) Augustin trades in practically anything, but this issue concentrates on comic books and movie mags. Worthwhile for the collector.

LOCUS #0 (Mike Symes, 26 Cedar St, Mattapan, Mass. 02126 - quarterly - 20¢) This is more of an announcement that a fanzine is coming, and a showcase of reproduction ability (which is quite good). Succeeding issues - if he gets material - will deal with visual stuff in both article and (naturally) artwork. This issue has 6 pages and interesting covers; I assume later issues will be larger.

IT AIN'T THE RABBIT #1 (Ed Reed, 668 Westover Rd, Stamford, Connecticut 06902 - irregular - 10¢) Personal opinion journal. Something different; a con report on the Democratic National Convention. (From a tv-watcher, not an attendee....I'd love to get a con report on that one from Julian Bond...) Fanzine reviews, verse, comments.

EMUL #1 (Creath Thorne, Route 3, Box 80, Savannah, Missouri 64485 - bimonthly - 25¢) Entirely editor-written, this issue, and interesting because Thorne is a good writer. (Or his computer is....) Fan-fiction, a review of Seekers of Tomorrow in some depth, and an article in favor of gun legislation. (In which he exhibits, in common with most liberals, the inability to understand a sentence in plain English. For any others with the same inability, "A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state" is quite obviously a reason being given for the right of the people to bear arms, not a restriction upon it. It is your inherent right to misinterpret the document if you want to, but I would suggest a refresher high school course in sentence structure. It is even your right to work to change this amendment if you believe it necessary; amendments are hardly sacred. But don't try to snow me about what is a misinterpretation and what isn't.)

RULESHEET PORTFOLIO #1 (Donald L. Miller, 12315 Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906 - 35¢) Put out for the IF Games Bureau; the first in a series, covering board games of the world. This one covers "War", "The Naval War Game", "The Jungle Game", "King Chess" and "Nine Men's Morris". Rules, sample games, and hints on strategy are given. Recommended highly to game enthusiasts.

BIAS #6 (Paul I. Lewis, P.O. Box 1043, Jamaica, New York 11431 - irregular - 40¢) The fanzine devoted to taking potshots at the American Way of Life. (Usually in the liberal vein, but not always; this issue includes a couple of cracks about unions, and supporting "right-to-work" laws. Whereas I'm just the opposite; my original antagonism to unions has been eroded by working in places which had weak unions, or none at all... I should come into more contact with unions, so I could be wholeheartedly against them once more.) Recommended; the material isn't always high quality, but it is generally (20)



thought-provoking.

INSIDE STAR TREK #2 (ISI, 1023 North La Brea, Hollywood, Calif. 90038 - bimonthly - \$3.00 per year or 50¢ per copy - Ruth Berman, editor) First time I know of that a major tv studio has issued a fanzine. First issue was mimeographed; this issue is lithographed. Too big a circulation for mimeo, I would guess. It remains small, for that price; 7 pages and cover. Major item is Ruth Berman's interview of makeup artist Fred Phillips. There are reports on various ST products for sale, and extremely brief "previews" of some of next season's shows. First time I know of that a major tv studio has admitted that they even have such critters as makeup artists.... Rating.....4

TOLKIE JOURNAL #9 (Ed Neskys, Box 233, Center Harbor, New Hampshire 03226 - quarterly - yearly membership \$2 in U.S., \$2.40 elsewhere) note; for postal purposes (which is what the variation in rate is for) AFO addresses count as U.S.. The official publication of the Tolkien Society of America. Lithographed, 14 pages and covers. Various scholarly articles about Middle-Earth, certain characters, etc. Tolkien fans are farther gone than "Star Trek" fans, and much more pedantic.

Dave Jenrette sends along a mimeographed account of his experiences in The President's Youth Opportunity Program In Photography this summer in Miami. Fascinating, but he gives no indication of whether it is generally available or not. Dave?

THE UNDERGROUND, Vol. 11, #2 (Wayne Finch, 616 North 73rd St, East St. Louis, Illinois 62203 - quarterly - \$4.00 per year) So help me Floyd Collins, a spelunking fanzine! Does Bruce Pelz know about this? Somebody told Bruce, he doesn't get YAIRO. The official publication of the Middle Mississippi Valley Grotto. Big thing; 80 pages. Minutes of meetings, article on an expedition, articles on histoplasmosis (look it up) and geology, maps, bad verse, book reviews, etc. I don't know how I'd get along with it as regular fare, but one issue was absolutely fascinating.

EXILE #4 (Seth Dogramajian, 32-66 80th St, Jackson Heights, New York 11370 - no schedule listed - 25¢ but he'd rather have contributions) Offset production allows one to photograph the typed page and then reduce it in size before printing, effecting savings in paper, postage, etc. EXILE carries this to such extremes that it is difficult to read. Fiction, letters, movie and fanzine reviews, art. I don't know how good any of them are because I didn't read any of them. If you have 20-20 vision, you might be interested.

QUARK #7 (Lesleigh and Chris Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly - available for a "show of interest", such as a letter.) A big one; 70 pages, 25 of which are letters. Other things include a Midwestcon report by Lesleigh, articles on computers, the Soviet Union, rock music, and teleportation. (Error; only 15 pages of letters and 10 of APA 45 mailing comments.) Rating.....7

SERRAVALLO #7 (Leigh Couch, Route 2, Box 889, Arnold, Missouri 63010 - quarterly? - 35¢) Over 70 pages here. Leigh is the sort of person who can say that 99% of fans are "incredibly interesting" and not only mean it but transmit some of that feeling to others. Which makes for a great fanzine, though I don't recommend it as an attitude for most people. For example, it gets fiction by Hank Davis and Edward V. Dong (which I didn't read, incidentally), an article and considerable artwork by Jack Gaughan, a long review (or evaluation, if you prefer) of a Phil Stong anthology by Harry Warner, a good big letter column, and other odds and ends. Rating....8

L'ANCE JACQUE #1 (Ed Reed, address given earlier - quarterly - 25¢, or 20¢ in stamps) I never quite understood those people who prefer publishing supplies to cash. I know it's easy to spend the cash for something else, but there is such a thing as self-discipline. (As far as I know, Ted White started the trend; others have followed.) There is a long review of Men In The Jungle which technically is too much synopsis and too little review. Primarily reviews in this issue; good enough, I guess. The editor asks for art and faan-fiction for future issues. Hopefully by the next issue the editor will have learned that blue ditto masters are not very for typing. In stf, the editor is a "new wave" advocate. Rating.....3



FLIP #1 (Ed Smith, 1315 Lexington Ave., Charlotte, N.C. 28203 - bimonthly - 25¢) Good repro. for a first issue. Book reviews, a review of "2001", a lovely parody of "Voyage" by Bob Vardeman, article on Alfred Bester by Bill Munkel, a column by Roy Tackett, an editorial. Very good first issue. Rating...4

PEGASUS #2 (Joanne Burger, 55 Blue Bonnet Ct, Lake Jackson, Texas 77566 - quarterly - no price listed) Published for NAPA. This includes two talks from the Southwestercon; H. H. Hollis's on space law and Fritz Leiber's about his writing. Various reviews; a list of sf books published between June and August; a moderately good letter column. Rating...5

QUIP 9 (Arnie Katz, 98 Patton Blvd., New Hyde Park, New York 11040 - bimonthly - 50¢) Arnie must be one of the best deadpan humorists in fandom. At the '67 Midwestcon, he jumped in to support Ted White during the White-Mallardi disagreement; I thought the implication that Ted needed help to defend himself in a verbal brawl with Bill Mallardi was tolerably amusing. This year, after asking me to trade YALDRO for QUIP, he went on to inform me how easy it would be for him to publish a fanzine that I would really for - except it wouldn't be worth his while. I figure this must be deliberate humor; nobody could be that much of a clothead, so I smiled non-committally. In this QUIP, in reply to a letter, he says "Isn't it possible that the people Ted /White/ characterizes as fuggheads and mental defectives are exactly that?" - which is probably the funniest line of the month. Only I wish you'd smile or something when you pull one of those, Arnie; people might think you were in earnest. (And in his editorial, he says that if you write letters to QUIP you'll be on the list for receipt of various goodies - such as Rich Brown's fan novel. Jesus! Arnie, you're a gas.) This issue has goodies like 3 con reports, an imitation of Boyd Raburn, and fanzine reviews, in addition to a mediocre Susby column and an exhumation of an old fanzine by Harry Warner. Unrated; I'm prejudiced. Many fans think it's great stuff.

MARGOTHEOID #2 (Rick Brooks, RR #1, Fremont, Ind. 46737 - irregular - 30¢ - publisher, Alan Thompson) Well, they're willing to learn; after the bitching over last issue's horribly reproduced drawings, they have gone to electrostencil for art in this issue. Big improvement, too. There's a "Star Trek" pastiche (parody?) that looks a bit like the authors had separate ideas on what to write, and forcibly combined them. Not badly written, but..... Rick writes on Tolkien (reprint of a college paper?) and there are the usual reviews, fiction, etc. Rating...3

UCHUJII #124 (Takumi Shibano, 1-14-10 O-okayama, Neguro-ku, Tokyo, Japan - monthly - no price listed.) Professionally printed and all; a great fanzine if you can read Japanese.

MOMENT MAL #3 (Hans-Werner Heinrichs, 6079 Sprendlingen, Frankfurterstr. 129, Germany - no price or schedule) Might be interesting if you can read German. (I really should learn some foreign languages.) Small; only 5 pages.

THE SCARR #121 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Ave, Bangor, Northern Ireland - somewhat monthly - "for trades, letters, postcards, contributions, old copies of PAGEANT or CORONET or what-have-you") A con report -- good one for a change -- by James White. George reports on more hilariously bad science fiction, plus other oddities such as Irish religion. A fine humorous fanzine. Rating...8

STEFANTASY #63 (Bill Danner, R. D. 1, Kemmerdell, Pa. - irregular - price one quetzal) He means that price, too. If you have the initiative to locate a quetzal and send it to him, he might decide you are interesting enough to receive the mag. You might also get it by trade, or you might not. Bill has his little quirks - like refusing to acknowledge the existence of Zip Codes. (Which would have got him cut off the YALDRO list a long time ago if STEF wasn't one of the few fanzines I consider indispensable.) This includes reprints from some old SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS of various bizarre items, but mostly it is the humor magazine of today. Recent issues have features less humor - and more bitterness, but this one seems to be returning to funny stuff. (Bitter, too, perhaps, but funny bitter.) Rating.....9



THE MENTOR #11 (Ron L. Clarke, 78 Redgrave Road, Normanhurst, N.S.W. 2076, Australia - no schedule listed - 30¢) This seems to be a typical fanzine, US-style. The usual variety; fiction, reviews, articles, letters. It has a foldout page of the comic strip "Gully Foyle". This strip version of Bester's novel is perhaps not quite as good as George Barr's adaptation of The Broken Sword that TRUMPET has been running, but it's close. (Gully Foyle has been turned into a typical handsome comic-strip hero, but then the artist is trying to sell this professionally, so maybe he had to.) Material is perhaps a bit more serious than most US mags, and the letter-writers are far more serious; they sound like certain NSF members of a few years back. Rating....4

BEABOHEMA #1 (Frank Lunney, 212 Juniper St, Quakertown, Pa. 18951 - irregular - 25¢) This issue seems devoted to acid comments about various people; Gary Hubbard says Zelazny should be writing corny movies instead of corny novels, Leo P. Kelley says stf writers are copping out on characterization (unfortunately using examples of "different" characterization that involve characters I wouldn't read five words about), Ed Reed jumps Norman Spinrad and current stf simultaneously (a good trick). Mostly interesting, and Hubbard is even funny in addition. Rating.....5

ICEM #2 (Bob Roehm, 316 E. Maple St., Jeffersonville, Indiana 47130 - bimonthly - 25¢) Well, it has a pretty cover. I can't tell about the contents because I couldn't read the contents. (It comes with an editorial apology for illegibility.) It is possible to read it; it's just that, being behind on reading promags, I will not go to any effort to read a fanzine. And this one would take some effort. There are promises to do better next time. (At least, this isn't the worst I've seen. One fan a few years ago published a huge illegible fanzine, mailed it out, had second thoughts, reprinted the entire thing and mailed that out - and the second printing was every bit as illegible as the first one.)

CRY #175 (Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave. SE, Auburn, Washington 98002 - 8 issues per year - 25¢, no subs larger than \$1.00 - co-editors, Elinor Busby and Wally Weber) This is the year that fanzines rise from the dead - with colored covers, even. Except for Vera's con report, which I didn't read, this seems pretty much the same old CRY. To be honest, at the last there I was getting a little tired of the same old CRY, but seeing it suddenly resurrected in the midst of current fanzines is quite a pleasure.

Rating....7

FOOLSCAP #5 (John D. Berry, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, N.Y. 10708 - irregular - 25¢) Lessee. I could say "one of the better fanmish fanzines" and John, who knows my opinion of fanmishness, would feel insulted. What else? I enjoyed it? Well, I enjoyed some of it, which is about par for any fanzine. 40 pages, good reproduction, writers including Ted White, Ron Whittington, Arnie Katz and lots of letterwriters. Rating..6

DREEGE #1 (Bruce A. Fredstrom, P.O. Box 647, Eugene, Oregon 97401 - irregular - 40¢ but he would prefer trades or contributions) A rather good "Star Trek" parody, lots of reviews, an article "On Discovering SF" by a newcomer, and a poll; name the most memorable characters in stf (8 categories). I usually avoid polls, but I was mildly interested in this one; I hope he gets more than 4 or 5 answers. Rating....4

SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN #2 (Gene and Chuck Turnbull, 801 Grosse Pointe Court, Grosse Pointe, Michigan 48230 - bimonthly - 25¢) Fairly typical; fiction, articles, reviews, letters, art. It's so average that I can't really think of much to say about it, except that second issues usually aren't this good, and future issues should be above the fan average.

Rating...5

THE THIRD FOUNDATION #84 (Lee Klingstein, 1435 So. Lundy #4, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 - bimonthly - 3 for 55¢) More fiction, some of it allegedly humorous, reviews, verse, Etc.

Rating...3

TRUMPET #8 (Tom Reamy, 6400 Forest Lane, Dallas, Texas 75230 - quarterly? - 60¢) Reproduction and layout here is far superior to most professional mags, beginning with the cover by Jeff Jones (in color). Lithography, high-class paper. Art is great. Written material is improving, and this issue is well above average.

Rating...9



# TWO BIT HONKY-TONK

They called it a two-bit honky-tonk

But it was the only place on Maxvill IV for the Spacers  
It wasn't much, but it was large and had plenty of booze

The Gamma Girls were spirited

And there was always Old-Juke who knew

Every song that was ever popular on twenty-nine worlds

We called it the Joint, the Place, the Hangout

It was near the spaceport, and by the river

And the only friendly place in a town of

people that worked too hard

and didn't seem to want to smile

It had gambling, and the games were honest

The Gamma Girls were guaranteed clean

The booze satisfactory, and the Mino weed expensive

If one wanted one could be alone by the river, and if  
one wanted there was always a hearty story to hear inside,  
or someone to listen to your story

They calls it a first-class Entertainment Center

And the booze is smooth and cost too much

The gals are respectable and some punk twangs a guitar

And yodels some scrambly music from Sirius III

The weed is damn hard to get and the gambling is  
organized and none of the old gang hangs out there

We call it the Clipper, Society's Jip, the Slug House

It's 30 miles from the Spaceport, near a swamp 'cause

They got exclusive high-rises by the river now

Maxvill's new society did us a big favor donating

all them credits for a real classy spot for Spacers

And Maxvill's Big-Shots hang out there a lot

And some real expensive-type prostitutes

A fledgling spaceace cops in by mistake sometimes

But the word is there's a place on Carson's Planet that's  
got the weed now, and some nice Gamma Gals, and that even Old-  
Joke's there strummin' his original Elkadar as sweet as ever

and what more can a tired spacer that needs to smile want

-----by-----

JOSEPH ADRIAN SARNO



## A GERMANCON ANTHOLOGY

being quotes and comments gathered from divers places in support of the GermanCon bid for a World Science Fiction Convention in HEIDELBERG IN 1970  
compiled and arranged by Fred Lerner.

Who, how, what, where, why, when?

Fans from all over Europe and the world have united behind the GermanCon bidding committee (roster below), which hopes to win the right to put on the 28th World Science Fiction Convention in Heidelberg, West Germany, during the first weekend of August, 1970.

What kind of a city is Heidelberg?

"Usually one finds time for a stroll, for a smile at one of those nice girls you see in Heidelberg always and ever. Time enough to eat comfortably, and have a fine glass of wine or beer with it. Time for a glance over the very nice looking Neckar River in sunshine, with all these little or big boats full of life and colour. Or time enough for a glance up to the most famous castle. Time enough for a flirt or a date, in other words time enough for all these nice but important things which make you feel at home. Although Heidelberg is a city, everybody seems to have this time during a nice summer day."  
-- Gert Zech

What special events are planned?

"What about a round trip by bus, or a cruise on the Neckar? We plan a visit in an old pub where the students are meeting and also a strictly Bavarian night."  
-- Thea Auler

What do British Fans think of the GermanCon bid?

"At the Annual General Meeting of the British Science Fiction Association held Easter 1967 in Bristol, the World Convention bid for 1970 was discussed. I was officially instructed to record that the bid for Heidelberg in 1970 was whole-heartedly supported by the British Science Fiction Association and plans will be put into action whereby it is hoped that many members will attend."  
-- Doreen Parker (Hon Sec)

"We, the Undersigned, being British SF fans, wish to register our hearty support for the 1970 WorldCon being held in Heidelberg."

-- signed by 115 attendees at the 1968 Eastercon. A similar statement was signed there by 13 Scottish fans.

Who's on the Committee?

The GermanCon committee consists of: Chairman Manfred Kage; Vice-Chairman Thea Auler; 1966 TAFF winner Tom Schlück; Hans-Werner Heinrichs; Volker Marckardt; Dieter Steinseifer; and Gert Zech.

Their American representatives, the American Committee for Heidelberg in 1970, consist of: Chairman Fred Lerner; Lon Atkins; Banks Mebane; Ed Meskys; and Roger Zelazny.

For more information

Write to Fred Lerner, 98-B, The Boulevard, East Paterson, New Jersey 07407. And, in the words of Michel Feron, editor of the Belgian newszine EARLY BID, "Don't forget to vote for GermanCon in 1970!",

-- The American Committee for Heidelberg in 1970 (September 1968)



# COMIC BOOK SALE (and a few other things)

These are the possession of Gene DeWeese, but your friendly editors are selling them for him, so send money to us. Condition good unless otherwise specified. The comics were appraised as to condition and price by Don and Maggie Thompson, and priced below minimum value, for quick sale. Comics will be shipped postpaid, via third class mail. If you want first class service, add 10¢ postage for each comic ordered. NOTE: MINIMUM ORDER \$1.00. Only one copy of each comic; a list of substitutes would be appreciated along with your order, but we won't insist on it. Make checks payable to Robert Coulson.

## \$5.00 EACH

Showcase #4 (origin of Flash) MAD #5 (comic, not magazine)  
Famous Monsters of Filmland #1

## \$4.00 EACH

Showcase #7 (all Kirby and Wood) FANTASTIC FOUR #4

## \$3.00 EACH

Showcase #8, 13, 14 (Flash), #22 (origin of Green Lantern) The Fly #1

## \$2.50 EACH

Showcase #34 (Atom origin)

## \$2.00 EACH

Showcase #16 Grave & Bold #35 (Hawkmán) Panic #9, 12 (EC) Aces High #4 (EC)  
Crime Illustrated #1 (DC) Mad #22 (comic) Mad #26, 28, 29 (magazine) The Hulk #2  
Tales to Astonish #40 Avengers #2 Flash Gordon #2 The Fly #2

## \$1.50 EACH

Fantastic Four #15 Flash #105, 106, 108, 109 Green Lantern #5, 6  
Justice League of America #4, 5, 6, 9 Mystery in Space #75 (JLA)

## \$1.00 EACH

Yak Yak #2 (all Davis) Mumbug #3, 5, 6, 7 Amazing Adult Fantasy #9, 11  
Strange Tales #44 (Orlando), 124, 127, 130 X-Men #8 (Kirby)  
Tales of Suspense #60, 63 Tales to Astonish #62, 80  
Journey Into Mystery #110, 125, 129 Phantom #1 The Fly #3 (Davis)  
Our Gang #46 (fair condition - Kelly, Barks) Tarzan #97  
Flash #111, 113, 118, 119, 128 Green Lantern #24 Superman #104, 105  
Famous Monsters of Filmland #14, 24, 25

## 50¢ EACH

Mad #39, 44 (magazine) Fantastic Four #57 Daredevil #22  
Spiderman #19, 34, 43 Space Adventures #27 (Ditko)  
Giant Superman Annual #2, 3, 4, 6 Justice League of America #25  
Challengers of the Unknown #7 (Kirby and Wood), 9, 12  
Playboy (magazine; parody of Playboy)

## 35¢ EACH

Famous Monsters of Filmland #26, 27, 28, 29, 32, 33 Monster World #8  
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